TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 4, No. 39 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, AUGUST 22, 1891. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } Whole No. 195

Around Town.

Is it a great happiness or a great misery to be awfully in love? That I am a woman is reason enough for the question, that I have been married for more than a half score years may be a suggestion of the difficulty I have had in answering it.—MONA.

I do not like the name you give yourself, my friend Mona, it savors of "Moana"—someone who is always complaining—of Mona Caird and her query "Is marriage a failure?" Moreover, how am I to know what being "awfully in love" means? These affairs are a question of standpoint and are objective as well as subjective, *i. e.*, they depend on the person we may be in love with, his or her attitude and worth and upon many other things. "All the world loves a lover" is probably true as a rule, but never when he or she is in love with himself or herself, and I am sorry to say that this condition is the most marked symptom of "being awfully in love."

***

If we do not have ourselves as the object, I think being "awfully in love" is a great happiness. Anything that makes one forget oneself leads to gentle sacrifices and a thoughtfulness for another, and this is the surest way to be happy. The way to be miserable I imagine is to be continually self-conscious. If we think how we look, the best made and most tasteful garments cannot hide our awkwardness. Anyone who is continually feeling his pulse, looking at his tongue in the glass and examining his physical structure will develop into a hypochondriac, and not a day shall pass but some fresh ailment will develop itself of which he can find most convincing symptoms. The man who tries to make a little speech and fails to forget himself and be natural, must bore his audience or sit down and be voted an ass. Anyone who tries to sing without having the song in his heart and the words a part of his memory, will be as uninteresting as a hand organ. So the one who is really in love will think nothing of himself or herself, but being wrapped up in the loved object will find all sorts of beauties and delightful phases in the character he contemplates. It is hardly necessary in such a case for the loved one to reciprocate, but if such be the case, being in love is certainly an intensely happy condition.

***

For a married woman to wonder whether being in love is a great happiness or a great misery is suggestive of marital infelicity. Of course a woman may love some brute of a man who seems to make it his life's object to cause her pain, but if he is utterly unworthy and she has a mind that is worth calling a mind she will cease to be in love, for it is not necessary to womanly loyalty nor a part of the creative plan that any one man or woman shall continue to love an unlovely thing or person. Unfortunately for her, perhaps she has made vows to be true, to stick to him through good and evil report. These cannot be evaded, but if he is unworthy of it she does not have to love him. At any rate love is not a question of "have to," and if in spite of all his failings she does love him, that condition must be a happy one. Loving another cannot be a misery; it is the spurious article, the spasmodic liking a man one day and hating him the next that is misery, and it is a misery that preys only on an unbalanced mind. Novelists sometimes portray loving wives who elope with designing scoundrels in a moment of jealousy. Such a woman is not a loving wife and never was. A woman who is guilty of such an act is in love with herself and is more untrue to herself than to her husband when wounded vanity prompts a a reprisal so indefensible and indecent.

***

There can be but little doubt that wounded vanity is more common in insulted wives, than outraged self-respect. Wounded vanity may lead the wife of that contemptible creature, a married flirt, to become a coquette; outraged self respect may compel her to demand a separation. The vain woman is wounded because the man she cares most for or that she feels should care most for her, can see anything charming in another woman; the self-respecting wife simply demands the loyalty which she is prepared to evince. These things are altogether separate from the question of the happiness or misery of being "awfully in love." The only misery I can imagine arises out of envy at seeing someone else loved by someone we admire, the covetousness which makes us demand all desirable things as our just due, the littleness which leads us to imagine that the world is upside down when anyone else is more prominent than we in any individual or general relation.

***

"Misery!" Why, bless my soul, what is it? It does not consist of what we feel towards another nor what others feel towards us. Physical misery is a lack of food and raiment and warmth and shelter. Soul-misery is the lack of someone or someones for us to be good to or to be good to us, not necessarily the latter, but always the former. Anyone really capable of loving may dote in the sense of the old adage that a cat may look at the queen. One may love art, literature, a beautiful picture, an ideal; it does not follow that the art, the literature, the beautiful picture must love us. If we demanded such a return for our devotion to the most lovable things, we would always be miserable, while making ourselves ridiculous by demanding the impossible. Then why should it not be possible for a man or woman to sincerely love without demanding entire and absolute possession, unrestricted reciprocity of affection and kindness? I imagine that the purest affection is the sort which does not demand, and the most lasting that which does not receive a carefully weighed return. Love is not a mere matter of exchange and barter. It is spontaneous, unexacting, generous, consequently beautiful. It never gets cheated because it is not haggling over the price. It may sometimes be sorrowful because it discovers the unworthiness of its object, but it seems to me that at this point it should cease to exist. The memory of the beautiful thought, the grave of the buried affection, the empty, lonely room once occupied by a tender object, all these may cause sad hours, may widow the heart of a woman who is still married, but it seems to me it can leave no question as to the happiness of loving.

***

Passion is made up of less love than lust. Defeated, denied, derided, it seeks satisfaction, revenge. To the extent that it is made up of gentle attachment, of self-sacrifice, it is beautified. We may even mistake it for love itself. Lives have been spent in harmony with no tie that deserved a better name; and thus in that self love which demands gratification and passion which demands intensity, hearts which cannot be moved by the nobility and sweetness of that which is willing to give everything and ask nothing, wander in a maze of doubt as to whether love is happiness or not. It is not disputable, yet as people may so easily mistake their own feelings, may become so intoxicated and have their vanity so inflated and their imagination so excited by protestations of affection, they should give themselves plenty of time to find out whether or not they are being misled. Love at first sight for instance, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is merely an excited imagination, a physical or cerebral disturbance, a crazy egotism. Love is a plant of slow growth. Even a mother's love for her babe, the most intense, the purest and most beautiful of all types of affection, is apt to be partially mixed up with the sufferings she endured before the childish eyes looked love into hers. As months pass away and the baby entwines itself about her heart and fixes itself in her habits, as hopes for its future and pride in its prospects become a part of her life, love develops, self-sacrifice becomes easy, thoughts of recompense or her offspring's future helpfulness cease to be of weight. Then young woman, young wife, young man, young husband, and all ye lovers and sweethearts, weigh well how much egotism, how much vanity, how much self-love there is in this thing that you call love for another, and do not imagine for a moment that it cometh like the change of hearts preached by our Methodist brethren in the twinkling of an eye, with no regard to reason and with but little to revelation! Be sure that when it comes it is happiness even if the loved thing or loved one is never obtained, or being obtained is sometimes coy or obstinate or prone to forget that you are the only person on earth.

***

It has often enough been put in print that truthfulness is not regarded in every civilization as highly as it is in ours. In Oriental countries kindliness and sympathy are rated far above it. Possibly the philosophy of truth-telling may be general the world over, but I am inclined to the view that the Eastern nations have perhaps more acceptable mottoes than those for which we profess such high regard. Of course everyone hates a liar, especially a useless, unnecessary, unornamental liar, but always and everywhere a malicious, devilish liar. Even the Orientals who in their politeness and the excess of their florid formalism are habitual liars, have the same and perhaps quite as hearty a hatred of the man who lies to benefit himself or to injure another.

***

What is truth? The world has never been decided as to the absolute truth with regard to anything. Truth to each individual is that which he believes, and yet no man's belief, except with regard to demonstrated facts, is so absolute in his own mind as to warrant all such unqualified assertion as should make him willing to outrage the opinions of others. What we have seen is seldom so vividly impressed upon us that we can swear to the absoluteness of the finer details. What we have heard becomes singularly mixed with what we have thought, and to such an extent is this carried that sometimes we are scarcely able to say whether what is present on the retina of the mind's eye or is ringing through the tympanum of the mind's ear, is something we have seen or heard or dreamed. With such an inability to be exact, the motive which impels our statement is not only apt to color it but to excuse or make it inexcusable. Malice is what maketh a lie. The ninth commandment as set forth in Exodus xx., 16, reads: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Now I do not want to excuse either lying or perjury, but it is admissible to call attention to the fact that in this commandment there is nothing said against distorting the facts a little bit in favor of one's neighbor. It is all against the desire to do injury to somebody. If one bears unduly in favor of one neighbor as against another—and we are taught that every man is our neighbor—it would be malice against the one testified against, but the strength of the plain scriptural words is aimed against the vicious or angry person who goes up joyfully to testify against another and is anxious to give him the worst of it.

***

This is the Oriental idea of lying. The offspring of a civilization more ancient and less exact than ours holds that a man should state no offensive thing unless he is forced to do so in order to be just to another. In those flowery lands where the crescent and the mosque mark the difference between the cathedral and the cross, the candid friend who is continually impressing disagreeable truths upon you has no place; kindliness and sympathy have at least a formal recognition which we might give them here without degrading our ideal of truthfulness. I sometimes think that English speaking people lay more stress upon the formal lie than upon the spirit, the intention of a statement. I have heard ignorant people criticize preachers who use an illustration and even call them liars because the illustration could hardly be considered scientifically or historically correct. Yet Christ spoke in parables, and the most powerful writers of this century have reformed abuses and taught the people in novels rather than in essays. I am not trying to write an essay on truth, but merely to impress the idea that kindliness and sympathy have a place, or should have a place in every utterance, that malice should be no part of the tone of any word or saying, and that absolute, cruel truth is something demanded only when justice can be served in no other way than by its utterance. And last of all:

That the lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies,
That the lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
But the lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

Empress of Germany.

***

Fresh Air Fund:

Previously acknowledged	$97 00
F. D. L., Port Elgin	5 00
S & M	6 00
Mrs. M. Davis	5 00
Mrs W. Garside	2 00
Off for His Holidays	1 00
Total	$116 00

DON.

***

Martin Murray is said to have taken a fit on the street the other day and was picked up by the ambulance. The driver found the man's boarding house closed against him; at the hospital he was refused accommodation; at the police station even he was denied admission according to one paper. The driver of the ambulance, if a painstaking man, would no doubt have next tried to get him into the asylum or the central prison; or if a practical man would have driven him back and dumped him out on the exact spot where the fit overtook him, but that Mr. Murray had by this time recovered and solved the difficulty by walking off about his business. What I want to find out at once is whether as a citizen of this town I am entitled to take a fit on the front street whenever I chose? If so, the ambulance man has no more right to pick me up and go peddling me around among the charitable and criminal institutions of the place than has Solomon Levi to gather me into his rag wagon. If in taking a fit in Yonge street I am acting within my right as an heir of Runnymede, no man should be allowed to make off with me while unconscious. What is the policeman standing on the corner for if not to let me have my fit out in peace? If I, as a citizen, have no right to take public fits, I bow to the sovereign law that thus curtails my privileges, but ask that others caught in the act be dealt with systematically and sensibly. In fact, if citizens are not allowed to lay around the pavement in fits, provide a place for their reception. In the case of Mr. Murray, fits appear to be against the rules of his boarding house, the hospital, the police station, and the ambulance afforded the only retreat where he could have it out. But the ambulance is only a carrier, and apparently having no right to deposit him anywhere save in the street, had no right to pick him from the street in the first place. Let the ambulance keep back—it is an impostor, an officious intermeddler with individual rights, presuming on the ignorance of by-standers and the unconscious condition of the man in a fit. Let him have it out in his own time and place, since he is apparently making legitimate use of the street. A medical gentleman informed me a month ago that a man took a fit on Queen Street, and he and another doctor were anxiously working with him on the pavement when the ambulance rattled up. The doctors were shoved aside, the man seized upon and bundled into the vehicle, which presumably swirled around town until he recovered—or died, for my medical friend never heard of him again. The man with a fit should be provided for. Unless there is some public institution ready to receive him he should be left on the sidewalk where the passing crowd may trip over him, for perchance among them will be a doctor who on regaining his feet will give the man help if help be needed. But to make him the special care of the man in buttons who runs the ambulance is all nonsense.

***

From appearances it would seem that the corruption discovered at Ottawa is but an overflow from the source at Quebec. Since the days of Champlain the politics of French Canada have been habitually corrupt, and the federation of the provinces in 1867, in the nick of time opened a wider field for the peculiar gifts of a school of politicians who had exhausted their book of tricks to the ruin of Quebec. The people of our sister province seem to consist of two classes—(1) rascals who flourish at the expense of fools, and (2) the requisite supply of fools. The production of rascals was sure to in time exceed the demand for them and Ottawa was the natural market for such an overplus. Indeed, the more clever ones might be expected to exploit the Dominion capital for the greater rewards that the successful practice of their black art would there receive. But the English have a weakness for the auditing of accounts and examining estimates, and the English members are for ever enquiring when the papers will be laid before the House in this matter and that. So the French boodler clung to Quebec if possible, for though the field was small and the reapers many, yet a man was sure of his sheaf. During his whole term of office Mercier has reaped high and low and sown nothing; more, he has reaped in the reckless manner of one who never intended to sow anything. His object has been to stave off the day of reckoning, secure money on any terms to maintain the dizzy splendor of his rule, and let the future care for its accumulating troubles. No better summary of the financial condition of the Province and the moral status of its rulers has been advanced than this, that the Government raised the Bale des Chaleurs money by promissory notes and then the Cabinet members stole the bulk of it. Stealing money from a groaning treasury is crime enough and to spare, but for an administration to borrow money at excessive interest and then steal it, breaks all records. One must speculate how such thieves would thrive under more favorable auspices. That Mercier, since the beginning of his premiership, has counted upon the Dominion to extricate Quebec from its financial engulfment is known, and he may have followed his reckless course to expedite the inevitable. The thought on which he relied has been, that a province in confederation, drawing an adjustable subsidy from the Dominion, would not be allowed to go into bankruptcy while the Federal purse contained a dollar. If an unalterable settlement is forced by the prodigality of his administration there will be some good in a heap of evil. But those thieves must receive the thieves' portion, and now that the Dominion Government has the opportunity to investigate some dark deeds of the Quebec Legislature the task should be done with wonderful completeness.

***

There is something heroic in the man who seeks death for the good of his fellows, but the necessity for such heroism is becoming rare. In olden times the object of a man's life was to contrive a spectacular death and die it as speedily as possible, so that a less glorious end might not take him by surprise. Your idea and mine is to live forever, if we can outwit the craft of hereditarily bad lungs, find a

specific for indigestion and secure an old age superior to rheumatism. We aim to overtake greatness some distance this side the grave and finish the journey most leisurely, with a keen relish for the effect of our success upon others. The man of to-day, though his years be ninety, dies under protest with a skinful of medicine and a parting look of reproach for his doctor. Things are so altered in modern times that the man who tests the validity of an iniquitous law and procures relief for those whom it oppresses, corresponds in valor with that Roman who threw himself into the awful fissure to save the city. The advantage is all with the modern plan, for the Roman hero died, and though the maids and matrons of his race bedecked his name with floral wreaths, yet he did not secure a seat at the council board or in the legislature, nor live for years a bold and jolly old registrar of deeds with a princely income of fees. Some very promising young men perished unnecessarily in the olden days, it seems to me, and many a hearty appetite and sound lung were unequally yoked together with a spirit that held life far too cheap. Time reverses everything and gives opportunity for retaliation that Koch cannot ward off. However, the man who exercises a right and seeks to establish it for the convenience of others properly meets with some reward nowadays. When Mr. Smith whistled after Mr. Jennings last week, he had no idea that the pucker of his mouth for that purpose involved a serious question of individual liberty, namely: may a very stout ratepayer, who has waited eleven days for a glimpse of a city official, whistle at him on sight? This question, in which hundreds of very stout ratepayers have an interest varying in proportion to their avoirdupois, was unfortunately not expressly decided upon by the police magistrate. An important decision was, however, gained. Very stout ratepayers who do whistle after a city official cannot be addressed with a certain approbrious term. Col. Denison put it on record, and time will make it an historical precedent, that it is a privilege only of intimate friendship to term another a d. f. I do not confront the reader with this friendly privilege in its baldness, as I may not possess a legal degree of intimacy for this. If—by the way, this little word put forth its magic and set Mr. Jennings free—if the case had been pressed from both sides it would have been one of the greatest actions of recent times. We have a valuable decision on the d. f. branch of the case, but whether a man can lawfully whistle for another, and supposing it be shown that a man cannot whistle for another, can he whistle for a city official, if so must he be a ratepayer, and if he must be a heavy ratepayer how heavy must he be? These are all questions of moment that would have been settled had the case been pressed. A century may elapse before once again these questions are placed in such admirable shape for settlement by some heavy ratepayer and some spirited official, but then—pity and save posterity! who will be magistrate then?

* * *

Conditions have indeed changed, not so much since we were young as since the world was considerably younger and had not the events of the past few centuries upon its conscience. Think of the noble spirit that blazed forth in the crusades, when the flower of Christian soldiery battled and toiled for years to rescue the holy city from the desecrating presence of the heathen. There may have been incongruity in the thought that the presence of a living heathen profaned the sanctity of Jerusalem, while his dead body was a blessed ornament to its walls, but there was a heroism in the spiritual standards of the time that will excuse bad logic. A nation that from top to bottom is comprised of acute logicians, precise grammarians and profound philosophers can never take new cities nor keep its own in repair. If all were scholars hod-carrying would cease unless shown to be a scholarly exercise. If one man thinks for seven and seven work for one affairs run smoothly, but if the proportion is seventy to one the thinker can afford to have antagonisms and engage in slaughter with the heathen. The songs the crusaders sang were sublime; their deeds of valor ornament the storied page, and never but this once did religious fervor incite men to blood without causing them to forfeit their honor and forget their courage. Times have changed. Look at England now and imagine if you can that sooty, sweating commercial kingdom concerning itself with the religious occupancy of Jerusalem. Imagine the Prince of Wales clad in steel armor riding a roan palfrey in the Saracenic horde and chopping off a score of infidel heads in the Redeemer's name. Think of Sir William Gordon Cumming wielding a cleaver all day on the hosts of Islam and playing baccarat of an evening in the tent of his good friend, the hero of Christendom. Picture to yourself the lords of Marlborough, of Fife and of Lorne dressed in armory borrowed from the British Museum, calling their bowmen to arms, marching across Europe to sacred music and reinforcing His Royal Highness of Wales in foreign mission work around the walls of Acre. Let Peter the Hermit reappear in his famous *role* and see if he can arouse sufficient faith and enthusiasm to keep him out of the asylum. So far as the religious occupancy of Jerusalem is concerned there is probably not one man in five hundred in Europe who knows whether Turk, Saracen, Jew or Christian practices his faith within its walls. Trade and commerce rule now. The sword and lance are no longer used in foreign mission work, and the man who once gave his life in taking lives of unbelievers, now sells them whiskey if they will drink it or beads if they will wear them, and from the profits subsidizes priests and preachers to go thither and see what can be done to bring them unto the true faith.

* * *

The School of Pedagogy was opened Tuesday at the Normal buildings with many prophecies for its future usefulness. The school system of Ontario is now theoretically perfect if we may believe what its friends say, this new institution being the long wished for capstone of it all. About one hundred pupils paid more or less attention to Principal McLellan's able address on Thursday in which he outlined the whole theory of our school system and held up the ideals for which student-teachers should strive. It was charmingly done and perhaps no one present disputed the statement that teaching is the noblest of all callings to which a man or woman could devote a life. The noblest calling should call the noblest lives and the brightest minds to its service, which teaching does not by any means. In that assemblage of young men and women who flocked into the School of Pedagogy the moment it opened, I venture to say that one half do not intend to make teaching their permament occupation. The girls without exception will marry the very moment the right chance presents itself, and half of the young men have decided to teach just to help themselves up hill. The young man who enters the "noblest of all professions" and has ambitions that do not outstrip the $500 or $800 salary that it offers him is not likely to do it much credit. Any young man of ability will, if he teaches at all, do so to assist to something better, unless he sees a principalship awaiting him not far away. That is, he will use the noblest of all professions to help him to less noble and more remunerative ones. The school system is very imperfect when the brightest young men desert teaching every year.

* * *

This new institution completes the machinery for making good teachers—but law, medicine, divinity, journalism, and commerce will inspect the finished product, select the best and leave the risinggeneration in charge of those rejected. The great advance made in recent times in the quality of school buildings, their ventilation and equipment, and the equally marked advance made in the qualifications necessary in a teacher, are worthy of all praise. But the salaries paid teachers do not induce young men to finally risk their lives in the profession. What is the use of setting high ideals before a man when his best efforts can scarce enable him to support a wife, while great comforts are guaranteed him in another walk of life. Let two brothers go their separate ways—one a gifted youth, the other an ordinary product of the age. The former studies for years and commences teaching; the latter lolls about home and then goes into an office or a store and soon draws as much salary as his brother. More, he sees a chance for better things, a partnership or an opening for a new business of his own. The whole school system fails of its natural results through the miserliness of trustee boards all over the Province, and the inevitable deterioration in the quality of teachers. The ablest men do not teach—the best teachers quit it for something better. This is specially true of the public schools which are really the most important to the country by long odds.

* * *

Among other "musts" inspectors hereafter appointed must be graduates of the School of Pedagogy. Take them the country over and I fancy the school teachers, if their bread and butter were not jeopardized by the utterance of truth, would say that they are of trifling use. As a rule they make semi-annual visits to the schools and give the pupils a half holiday after submitting them to a short examination. As arbitrators between quarrelsome sections, experts on sanitation, or supervisors of methods they are constitutionally spineless and placable. That has been my experience of them in country places. I remember the inspector who visited my school, having only to go back a dozen years to see him. When he would come was supposed to be a mystery, but the previous evening the teacher would give a hint that he expected him on the morrow—word being passed along from school to school. The teacher's hint meant that each pupil was required to appear in his best clothes, not one boy barefooted, and that the lessons were to be reviewed at home with care—for the inspector was an uncertain man, liable to ask questions, and with a deep-seated dislike to bare feet. But after tying his gig to the school fence and taking the teacher and all of us by surprise in the midst of a blackboard exercise he would seldom do more than make a short speech and tell his story. It was *his* story and he told it once a year during the time I was mounting from the second reader to the outer world. Invariably he led up to it by urging us to "understand what you read." Somewhere there was a village, and in its midst a stone, engraven upon which were the above words. Children had grown up into manhood, passing that stone heedlessly day by day. Finally a boy grew up—a good boy who never played truant and was always at the head of his classes—who looked at that stone and its singular inscription and thought anxiously. At last he procured a crow-bar, and amidst the jeers of his hookey-playing comrades, rolled away the stone, pried up the dry earth beneath and found a box full of golden guineas. Here the story ended in a thunderous admonition to "understand what you read," and we were all let out for a half holiday. That story caused every stone in our school section to be overturned time and again, and as nothing was found beneath but fish worms, we always considered this a supernatural warrant for going angling in the neighboring streams and ponds. People hate reminiscences, but I hope this will pass muster as a bit of current history, for the inspectors generally have some such stock story.

ZEKE.

Social and Personal.

Among summer visitors from Toronto at Preston, at the Del Monte House, are Mr. C. H. Chapman, Mr. Wm. Crocker, Mrs. M. J. and Master Allan McCallum, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. O'Brien, Mrs. G. Bedell, nurse and two children, Mr. R. W. Brock and family, Miss M. P. Asbe, Mr. Hugh Scott, Mr. and Miss and Mr. James McFarrell, Mr. B. King.

*

Among the guests at Monreith, Western Island are: Mr. Wotherspoon, Hot Springs, Arkansas, Mr. and Mrs. Bagnell, Hamilton, Miss Holland and Miss Dalrymple, Port Elgin, Mrs. and Miss Gracie Podlar, Oshawa.

*

Island Park was crowded with visitors last Saturday afternoon to witness the annual sports of the Island Amateur Aquatic Association. A most entertaining programme was presented under the energetic management of a special committee, and a good deal of fun was the result. A less abundant supply of the juvenile and irrepressible element would have led to increased comfort in some quarters, but the children were on their native heath and made the fact unmistakably plain. How some half dozen of them did not get a ducking from their venturesomeness was a puzzle to many an unaccustomed visitor. The wind blew the boom across the course and interfered with the final events, which were consequently postponed until this afternoon. A goodly sum was netted for the objects benefitted by the Association, *i.e.*, the Sick Children' Hospital and the Fresh Air Fund.

*

Mr. G. Edward Hossey of Kansas City, formerly of Leipzig, Germany, is visiting his parents, at Elgin avenue.

*

The marriage of Mrs. Leahey, sister of Mrs. Boddy, and Captain Elliott, is fixed for Monday next.

*

Among the guests registered at Clover Hill, Lake Joseph, are Mr. and Mrs. Garside, Mr. and Mrs. John Alexander and children, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Price, Mr. and Mrs. Watt, Mrs. Murdock, Miss Murdock, Miss Lotta Murdock, Mr. W. Fitzsimmons, Mr. Burns, Miss Maggie Murdock, Miss Mable Read and Miss Harriet Murdock, the Misses Alexander, Mr. Howarth, Miss Davis, Miss Loghlan, Mr. Arthur Watt and others.

*

The many friends of Miss Nina Caulfield will be pleased to hear of her return to the city after her lengthened trip west.

*

The Misses V. and B. Mason of 253 Wellington street are the guests of their brother, Dr. R. H. Mason of Woburn, Oat.

*

Rev. Benjamin Gibson, with Miss S. A. Gibson of Dublin, Ireland, is on a visit with his sisters, the Misses Gibson, 17 Wilton Crescent, Toronto.

*

Messrs. L. H. Stewart and A. D. Crooks of the Argonauts have been visiting Washington to take part in the Regatta. They were winners of second prize in the double scull championship race.

*

A pretty wedding took place on Thursday last when Miss Libbie Farewell was married to Mr. J. F. Morrish. The ceremony took place at the maternal residence. The bride wore heliotrope silk and carried a bouquet of white roses. Her maids were Miss Clara Farewell and Miss Emily Morrish. Mr. John Stanley supported the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Morrish left after the *dejeuner* for a trip down the St. Lawrence.

*

Mr. W. T. Gray of the law firm of Edgar & Malone is recuperating after a severe illness in the Ambitious City.

*

Mr. and Mrs. John Fletcher are in Niagara for a short visit.

*

Mrs. Becher, Sylvan Towers, Rosedale, gives a tea this afternoon.

*

Little Miss Elaine Hodgins gave a birthday party Tuesday of last week. Her small guests thoroughly enjoyed their games in the shaded grounds of Clynewood and their birthday tea in the open air. Among the elders who watched the pretty gathering were: Mrs. Becher, Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. Oliver Macklem, Mrs. Sutherland Macklem, Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. T. C. Street Macklem.

*

One of those happy events which cause a ripple in society circles was witnessed by a very large company of friends in the Disciples, church, Bowmanville, on August 19, when Mr. Augustus Stephen Vogt, the popular organist of Jarvis street Baptist church, Toronto, and Miss Georgia Adelaide, eldest daughter of Mr. George McGill, manager of the Ontario Bank, were united in marriage. The ceremony was performed at 5.30 o'clock by Rev. Manly Benson of Queen street Methodist church, Toronto, assisted by Rev. E. B. Barnes, pastor of the church. Following a custom prevalent in Germany, the bride also presented the groom with a ring. The ushers were Mr. Oscar Vogt of Toronto and Mr. A McGill for the guests, and Messrs. Avery and Norman Johnston, Mr. James Mitchell and Mr. Will Percy. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers for the occasion. A beautiful floral bell hung above the bridal couple, and the doors and arch were nicely festooned with vines and flowers. Mr. R. H. Henry, a local artist, photographed the bridal party in the church. The bride looked charming in a gown of white satin and customary veil, and carried a lovely bouquet of white roses. The maid of honor was Miss Allie McGill, sister of the bride, who was attired in cream silk and carried pink roses. The bridesmaid was Miss Emma Andrich of Galt, who wore gold-colored silk and carried a bouquet of yellow roses. The groomsman was Mr. Arthur Scott of Toronto. Only the relatives and very in imate friends of the bride and groom were invited. After the ceremony the wedding guests attended the reception given by the bride's parents at their residence, King street. The bride was presented with a handsome bible by the pastor of the church on behalf of the congregation, this being the first marriage in their new church. The happy couple departed on the western express on their bridal tour, after which they will take up their residence at 605 Church street, Toronto. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. R. Windatt, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Burk and Miss Burk, Mrs. J. Simpson and the Misses Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. James Gilfillan, Mrs. J. C. Rowe, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Turner, Mr. W. S. Ormiston, LL.B., Lieut. Leech of Sandhurst, Surrey, England, Miss Moore of Toronto and Mr. W. Murch of St. Thomas.

*

Captain and Mrs. Midford of Havana, Cuba, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Midford, of 375 Wellesley street.

*

Mrs. Dr. Gillies of Teeswater, is the guest of Mrs. Hadmen of Wellesley street.

*

Mrs. Midford of Wellesley street has returned from her visit to Stratford.

*

The Misses Abbott, daughters of the Premier, are spending a few weeks with Senator and Mrs. Allan, at Strathallan, Lake Simcoe.

*

Several of Toronto's citizens's have had the excitement of a collision to recount on their return from the well known trip up the lakes. The Athabasca smashed up the Pontiac, and the Baltic collided with a barge. On the Baltic were Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Weese, Miss Metherald and Miss Foster of Toronto, who disembarked after the collision and spent some time on St. Joseph's Island, where they were charmed with the fruitfulness of the land, the beauty of the flowers and the thrift and kindliness of the inhabitants.

*

Miss Crawford, whose article on Delsartean culture appears in another column, proposes visiting Toronto very shortly to organize a class for physical culture according to the best methods of Delsarte. This will give our society belles the opportunity so eagerly embraced by the leading people of New York, under the guidance of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Russell, of studying grace in action and beauty in repose.

*

The Ven. Archdeacon Sandys of Chatham has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. Alfred Denison at 703 Ontario street, on his return from a trip to Mackinaw.

*

Miss Lotta Healey of Huron street has returned from New York.

*

Mr. Arthur Deacon of New York, who has been visiting in Toronto, returned home last Tuesday.

*

The Dominion Temperance Alliance are making preparation for their annual meeting (Ontario branch) during Exhibition time. Toronto is to be the scene of the convention. An earnest crowd will be on hand.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Garside of Ontario St. are spending their holidays at Clover Hill, Joseph River, Muskoka.

*

Mrs. A. G. Savigny has returned to the city after a delightful outing at the Sand Banks, Prince Edward County, the Bay of Quinte and the St. Lawrence.

*

Mr. Geo. B. Sweetnam and Miss Alice Sweetnam, of St. Vincent Street, are in Washington, D.C., U.S., *en route* to Old Point Comfort and the South.

*

Rev. A. D. Chambers, of Wesley Church, and Miss Chambers have gone to Muskoka for three weeks.

*

M. Jean Trancle Armand has gone to Muskoka for a fortnight.

*

Mr. W. H. Charlesworth spent the week in Hamilton.

*

The Hon. Mr. Auglin and family are at Monreith.

*

Mrs. Homer Pingle is at the Del Monte House, Preston, for a summer sojourn.

*

Miss Alice Cullinan and Miss Florence Cullinan of St. Stephens, N.B., are spending the summer months with their aunt, Mrs. Auglin, at Monreith Cottage, West Point Island.

*

Rev. A. B. Chambers, pastor of Wesley Church, and Miss Chambers have gone to Muskoka on a three weeks' holiday.

*

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Davies have returned from Europe.

*

Miss Dollie McGann has returned from a six weeks' visit to Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Brophy of New York.

*

Mr. R. D. W. Lee of Palm Springs, California, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. Deacon and family of 214 Wellesley street.

*

Miss Young and Miss Carrie Young of Bowmanville are the guests of Mrs. William Brittain of Bathurst street.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Hector Lamont and family have returned from Lorne Park.

*

Mr. W. J. McNally, organist and choir master of Trinity Methodist church, is spending his holidays in Montreal and Quebec and on the Ottawa river.

*

Mr. Ashworth of Badgerow and Skeans, and Ernest Godson of Beatty, Chadwick and Galt, are camping on the grounds of Captain Percy Veal, Niagara.

*

Mr. Walter Stewart has returned from a fortnight's holiday at Port Hope.

*

Mrs. James Macklem and daughters of Chippewa, have been visiting Mr. Francis Richardson, 198 Carlton street.

*

Miss S. E. Fitzsimmons and Miss Forbes

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

QUEEN'S ROYAL HOTEL,

Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont.

Hops Every Saturday Evening During the Season

McGaw & Winnett
PROPRIETORS

PURE FLAX WRITING PAPER

A peculiarly substantial and plainly elegant description of stationery on which it is an absolute luxury to write.—*Daily Telegraph.*

5 Quires and 100 Envelopes (Boxes) $1.00

JAMES BAIN & SON : Fine Stationers
TORONTO

Paris Kid Glove Store

Swede Mousquitaire Gloves
Chevrette Gloves
In all the newest shades.

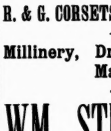
4-Button Glace Kid from 90c. Up

JUST RECEIVED
A new life in P. D. Corsets. We recommend these to our customers as the finest corset on the market. They are perfect in cut and easy to wear, and give the figure a beautiful shape.

R. & G. CORSETS IN EVERY STYLE

Millinery, Dressmaking and Mantles

WM. STITT & CO.
11 and 13 King St. East, Toronto



THE STECK

Baby Grand Piano is now the favorite piano of the elite and better-of people of the United States. It is a piano of wonderful tone-coloring, of speaking touch.

People contemplating the purchase of even a good upright piano should not fail to first see this beautiful small grand.

Such exquisite tone-quality, coupled with such power, will be found in no other pianos.

We want to make this piano the favorite in Toronto that it now is in the cultivated centers of New York, San Francisco, Rio Janiero and elsewhere.

To introduce it first buyers will get bargains. Sole agents for Ontario.

FARWELL & GLENDON
(Dominion Piano and Organ Co.)
Warerooms: 68 King St. West.

Clear Out the Pests

HOUSEKEEPERS
TRY OUR
Cockroach Powder
ALL DEAD IN SEVEN MINUTES
Is what our customers say.

McARTHUR'S DRUG STORE
230 Yonge Street, opp. Shuter

TORONTO, HAMILTON & MONTREAL
POPULAR PASSENGER STEAMER
OCEAN
JOHN T. TOWERS, Master,
Leaves Hamilton 10 a.m., Toronto 4 p.m., every Saturday for Kingston, Brockville, Prescott, Cornwall and Montreal. Fare from Hamilton, $8; return, $15. Fare from Toronto, $7 50; return, $14. For freight or passage apply to W. A. GEDDES, 60 Yonge Street, Toronto, or at Geddes' Wharf.

WATER
TOURS OF EVERY VARIETY
BARLOW CUMBERLAND
Agent, 72 Yonge Street, Toronto

PURITAN COOKERS

The most popular cooking utensil ever placed on the market. Especially useful for cooking all descriptions of Broths and Custards.

RICE LEWIS & SON
(LIMITED)
Cor. King and Victoria Streets
TORONTO

Between You and Me.

IN another fortnight a goodly number of our city housekeepers will be preparing for one or more visitors during "Exhibition time." They wont grudge this return of hospitalities to the relatives or friends who look forward to their week's visit to the Queen City, nor will they be unmindful of the kindly welcome they have received on the farm or at the summer resort, but will strive to emulate it. Visitors, however, are not to the city hostess what they are to the country woman and her daughters. You know what an object of interest is Cousin Madge's Saratoga trunk to Bess and Millie and Nan, maids of the farm? How reverently they assist her to unpack and unfold the dainty gowns and coats, and to set carefully on the top wardrobe shelf the fetching hats and the one delightful "calling bonnet." How they contentedly sigh over the satisfying beauty of the loose and *negligé* tea gowns, and adore the cinderella slippers, red and dove color, and tan! And the bonny maidens will have many a buzzing consultation, and many a doubtful head shake, and much counting over of their careful savings, and timid enquiries as to prices before they accomplish a faint imitation of those tea-gowns, which will hang upon them like a crinoline on a cow.

•

But, the city hostess, with her care of her neighbor's opinions, her anxiety about servants, her earnest desire to do justice to her visitors and have them "see everything," doesn't take the comfort with them which they took with her. They have no gowns to astonish her, though they may have some to make her weep, nor interesting items in book lore, or scandal, or invention, or new songs, or expressive idioms that are the copper coinage of speech, and known as "slang," though their quaint and sensible comments on what they see and hear are far more worth than these. They have certainly an omnivorious appetite for sight-seeing and a muscular power of pedestrianism which reduces their hostess to a wreck and a bedridden invalid for a week after they've gone home. They want to go into places which she has never dreamed of entering in ten years of city life. They must be chaperoned by her to a museo, where they take good satisfaction out of the curiosities and horrors, till one of them suddenly faints at sight of that wickedly hideous waxen representation of a murderer and his victim, and they are all escorted to the door by a benevolent policeman. They lunch at a counter, while their hostess stands in weary wrath, too worried to drink her boiled tea or eat her mustard and ancient corn-beef sandwich. But even a counter, in company with impecunious bank clerks, who pretend not to recognise her and stare at her visitors, is better than the ordeal of a small lunch parlour, where they giggle and read the bill of fare aloud, and announce the prices, and appalled thereat, conclude to indulge in tea and rolls, and where she, who loaths tea and rolls, longs for a wee salad, a few scraps of dainty tongue and a cup of good coffee, must acquiesce amiably in the general choice, while very conscious of the confidential smile of her pet waitress, and very ashamed of feeling so impotently wrathy at all and sundry her well-meaning guests.

•

And in the talk over the day's affray with John, when the gas is out and the pair between the sheets, it strikes her speechless to hear his avowal that he likes those honest country girls so much and he is sure she does too, and wouldn't she like to ask one of them down for the winter for company and to take out with her, and which one would she prefer. In fact, that he has been thinking of this for some days, and has been pumping them a little, and they jumped at the idea—"all seemed so fond of you old girl, and"——the ramblings of the worthy man is brought to an abrupt close by a curtain lecture that makes him quake! and hurriedly withdraw from the field, with a grumbling "I don't see what's wrong with you; you are doing too much; why don't you take things easy, there's no sense in tiring yourself out."

•

The shopping of the country visitor is generally the most wearisome part of the battle to the city hostess. I am just away from a pale wreck of womanhood, who has been for eight hours hovering about a country cousin who visited the city to shop—to buy clothes, furniture for a new house, curtains, carpets, dishes, bric-a-brac, and did it all in twenty-four hours, that is, in four days' shopping, to her own entire satisfaction and glory, and the total undoing of my delicate little city lady. We laughed together over it, though she was almost too weak even to smile, and we recalled the virtues of the dear departed shopper, and feasted on some of her homemade bread and butter, and forgave her, for like Sir Isaac Newton's wee doggie, she little knew the mischief she had done.

•

I quote a little clipping from "dear, dirty Dublin," which I know will be of interest to the many lady cyclists with whom I have been happy enough to become acquainted through this column. There is a large-sized hint for us in it, Sister Wheels, which shall come to something if Lady Gay knows herself:

"Dublin is *par excellence* the cycling center of the world, taking into consideration its size. It is the headquarters of sensible cycling. Perhaps cycling is popular in Dublin because the streets are so level, there being very few steep grades. We have a pleasant little club, called the Ohne Hast (which being interpreted means 'without haste'), the object of its members being to use the wheel as a means of nice social outings, and not for breakneck speeding. About fifteen or twenty ladies and gentlemen meet every fine Saturday, and away they pedal into the mountains south of Dublin. They generally divide into little groups, the stronger riders pushing on, and waiting for the weaker every few miles. They count pleasure by the hour not by the mile, and many are the stoppages to admire this or that bit of scenery. A clubroom has been furnished at a large farm house in the mountains, and a piano purchased; and here the members assemble for high tea at 6 p.m., and until 8.30 the time passes merrily with songs and music, and then home quietly in the 'cool of the evening,' laughing and chatting as they go." Now, why should they have all the fun in potato-land? They shall not!

•

Next week I hope to be able to give you a pleasant little bit of experience, if it doesn't rain. I am engaged to be converted not from the error of my ways, though I'll admit they need mending almost as badly as the pavements of our city, but from an inborn prejudice against camping out. "Come and be converted," begs that fruit-farm-friend who gave us the pretty tow-path ride, and I answered, "Yes, I will, if it doesn't rain!" I am not in a convincable frame of mind, I must confess, for one of my obtusities is an inability to discern the attractions of camp life. I don't like bugs, nor snakes, nor crickets, nor being wakened very early in the morning, nor eating fried ham and drinking lukewarm tea or muddy coffee, and I miss the cool recesses of my shady parlor, and my cruet-stand, and—the postman! I always miss that last convenience most of all, when I am away from home! And I don't really believe a camp is clean without taps, and bath tubs and their etceteras. But my St. Kitts friend protests that this is all what English Hodge would call my "dummed h'ignorance," and that the day of my conversion draws near!

•

Here is a simple remedy for sunburn. Take a piece of clear pine gum-arabic about the size of a filbert and melt it in a wine-glass full of boiling water, softened with a slight pinch of carbonate of soda. Dissolve a piece of camphor the size of a pea in a teaspoonful of eau-de-cologne, and add this to the boiling water with a teaspoonful of glycerine. Shake the mixture for twenty minutes. Dab on the face with a soft cloth every night before you go to sleep.

LADY GAY.

The Merry British Beggar.

I brave the day, I brave the night,
I throw my sorrows to the wind,
And try to keep a cheerful mind,
Although my coat is thin and light,
Although my hat
Is wondered at,
Because I shaved the outer rim
To try and keep it smooth and trim.

I laugh and sing and whistle, too,
When I have wind enough to spare,
But in the sharp and *tr.nty* air
My breath comes short, my nose turns blue,
My fingers freeze,
And my poor knees
Would knock together did they dare;
But still I keep a jaunty air.

When bread is scarce and shelter poor
I watch the sparrows, and I say
"I only want a meal a day."
And if they turn me from the door
I tramp for weeks,
And dodge the beaks,
And with no money for a bed
I try an archway or a shed.

I brave the day, I brave the night,
I throw my sorrows to the wind,
'Tis wise to keep a cheerful mind
And screw your courage for the fight.
And so, kind sir,
In case you err,
With over-pity, worse than none,
Just hand a copper and have done.

NINA F. LAYARD.

Be Advised.

The plainest household tabby cat may smile upon a king;
A simple rule, and no king's fool enough to break it.
A woman's proffered counsel you think is no great thing;
But what a fool's the wisest man who sometimes doesn't take it!

A Verdict Explained.

Judge—Gentlemen of the jury, your verdict is not in accordance with the evidence.

Foreman—May it please the court, the evidence was not in accordance with the facts.

Choice Cut Roses

Of every popular variety. Other seasonable flowers also always on hand. We can ship cut flowers to any part of Ontario and Quebec with perfect safety, as we have letters from our numerous patrons in various parts congratulating us for prompt delivery and excellent condition of the flowers upon arrival.

S. TIDY & SON
THE FLORISTS
164 Yonge Street - Toronto
Tel.—Greenhouses, 3057; Store, 2089

ARE YOU SUFFERING
WITH
Lateral Curvature of the Spine?

OUR SPINAL SUPPORTING CORSET
A Perfect Substitute for Plaster Jacket
Made to order for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed. Endorsed by physicians.
The American Corset & Dress Reform Co.
316 Yonge Street, Toronto

LADIES
ASK FOR

BARBOUR'S
LINEN THREADS
The Best for All Purposes
Sold by All Dealers

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

MORE than attractive are the silk counters of this store just now. On top of the number of special lines that we've been showing for some weeks this week brings to hand several new lines ordered for fall trade. But into stock they go, and shoppers get advantage of the newness that comes with them, as well as the midsummer prices at which we've marked them.

Our new line is colored dress bengalines in all the newest Parisian shades, fawns, browns, navy blues, terra cotta, heliotrope, sunflower blue, old rose, electric and dahlia. The stock will charm silk shoppers, and so will the price, which is 55c. You never knew the like before.

Another fresh opening is colored ponguns, new shades, too—the latest of fashion's colorings—21 inches wide and 30c. yard.

Figured Pongora. 25c.
China Silks, all colors, 25c.
Colored Gros-Grains, 25c.

And colored dress satins at 25c., which are straight 50c. goods.

R SIMPSON
S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen Streets, Toronto. | Entrance Yonge Street. Entrance Queen Street.
Store Nos. 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Queen Street West.

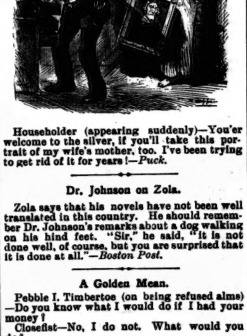
MISS SULLIVAN
Late of W. A. Murray & Co.
Artistic Dressmaking
76 COLLEGE STREET
Miss Sullivan has just returned from New York with the latest designs and styles.

WHOLESALE HOUSES AND MANUFACTURERS
Requiring commercial photographs of Machinery, Merchandise, &c., can be supplied at low rates by
J. C. WALKER & CO.
141 YONGE STREET
Reduced rates on general work for sixty days.

A Tribute to the Memory of the Late Sir John A. Macdonald
A NEW SONG
FOR BARITONE
"A British Subject I was Born, a British Subject I Will Die"
Words and Music by S. T. CHURCH
PRICE 40 CENTS—A REALLY GOOD SONG
Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association
63 King Street West, Toronto.

LORNE PARK-BY-THE-LAKE
HOTEL LOUISE is beautifully situated in a forest park of 90 acres, about 15 miles west of Toronto.
The Steamer Merritt and the Grand Trunk Railway make frequent communication.
The Hotel is well filled with guests, who are enjoying to the utmost the pleasures of their summer home.
Address—
Lorne Park Co., Toronto

A Golden Opportunity.



Householder (appearing suddenly)—You'er welcome to the silver, if you'll take this portrait of my wife's mother, too. I've been trying to get rid of it for years!—*Puck.*

Dr. Johnson on Zola.

Zola says that his novels have not been well translated in this country. He should remember Dr. Johnson's remarks about a dog walking on his hind feet. "Sir," he said, "it is not done well, of course, but you are surprised that it is done at all."—*Boston Post.*

A Golden Mean.

Pebble I. Timbertoe (on being refused alms)—Do you know what I would do if I had your money?

Closefist—No, I do not. What would you do?

Pebble I. Timbertoe—I'd be just as mean as you are.

Technically Correct.

Miss Trainwell—What do you consider the best exercise for the muscles, Mr. Doddle?

Doddle (ingenuidly)—Opening clams.

BATHING SUITS

BATHERS should not fail to provide themselves with the NEPTUNE LIFE SAVING BATHING SUIT, the simplest, most practical and most effective LIFE SUIT ever invented. Made in Ladies, Gent's, Misses and Boys.

SOLD BY
THE GOODYEAR RUBBER STORE
12 King Street West

Armand's Hair and Perfumery Store
441 Yonge and 1 Carlton Street
Telephone 2491

Largest and Handsomest Hair Goods, Hairdressing and Perfumery Establishment in America.
HAIR GOODS
Of all kinds for fashion, convenience, protection from cold in the head, or necessity, constantly on hand or made to order. Frontpieces and Waves at $2 up, Toupees and Wigs for ladies and gentlemen.
SWITCHES
All long hair, in separate branches, in great variety.
Ladies and Children's Hairdressing, Trimming and Shampooing, Hairdressing for Balls, Concerts, Weddings, Photos, etc.
(Elegant Hairdressing Parlors.)
Select stock of fine Hair Ornaments. Large assortment of fine Perfumery and Toilet Articles for ladies and gentlemen.
Capillerine for destroying superfluous hair, best remedy in the market, $1 50; sent by post, securely sealed, $1 50.
J. TRANCLE ARMAND & CO.
441 Yonge Street, cor. Carlton St.
TORONTO, ONT., CANADA.

DORENWEND'S
Is the Leading House for Fashionable
HAIR GOODS
The latest and most
ARTISTIC STYLES
In Wigs, Bangs, Switches etc.
Largest, Best and Cheapest House in the Dominion.
Finest Hair Dressing Room on the Continent.
Telephone 1551
105 Yonge St
Send for circular.

FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKING
MISS FATON'S rooms are now open and thoroughly equipped with the spring styles and modes. The latest French, English and American fashions. An early visit and inspection invited.
Rooms, Golden Lion, R. Walker & Sons, 35 King Street East

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT
AND APPLIANCE CO.
Head Office - - Chicago, Ill.
Incorporated June 17, 1887, with a Cash Capital of $50,000

71 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.
G. C. PATTERSON, Manager for Canada.
Dr. A. Owen, after years of experiment and study, has given to the world an Electric Belt that has no equal in this or any other country. Fully covered by patents.
RHEUMATISM
is found wherever man is found, and it does not respect age, sex, color, rank or condition.
Medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. Although electricity has only been in use as a remedial agent for a few years, it has cured more cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined.
Our treatment is a mild, continuous galvanic current, as generated by the Owen Electric Body Battery, which may be applied directly to the affected parts.
WOMEN
The Owen Electric Belt is par excellence the woman's friend, for its merits are equal as a preventive and curative for the many troubles peculiar to her sex. It is nature's cure.
The following are among the diseases cured by the use of THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELTS:

Rheumatism	Diseases of the Chest
Neuralgia	Spermatorrhea
Dyspepsia	Impotency
Sciatica	Sexual Exhaustion
Lumbago	Paralysis
General Debility	Spinal Diseases
Liver Complaint	Nervous Complaints
Kidney Disease	Urinary Diseases
Female Complaints	General Ill-Health

CHALLENGE.
We challenge the world to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we use on a giant by simply reducing the number of cells. The ordinary belts are not so.
WE ALWAYS LEAD AND NEVER FOLLOW
Other belts have been in the market for five and ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured and sold than all other makes combined. The people want the best.
All persons desiring information regarding the cure of ACUTE, CHRONIC and NERVOUS DISEASES please inclose SIX (6) CENTS and write for Illustrated Catalogue.
THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT CO.
71 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.
Mention this paper.

Standard Sweet Tone
"UNEQUALLED"
IS THE VERDICT
OF
All Those Who Have Used the
STANDARD DRESS BONES
The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior sateen. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.
Ask for Them
They are the Best
SOLD BY
All the Leading Retail Dry Goods Merchants Throughout the Dominion

DENSOLINE
(Pure Petroleum Jelly.)
(SUPERIOR TO VASELINE)
The great skin healer and beautifier of the complexion.
NATURE'S HEALING OINTMENT
- USE -
Gold Seal Denseline for Rough Skin
Cold Cream Denseline for the Complexion
Denseline Toilet Soap, made from Pure Petroleum Jelly, a perfect cure for all Skin Affections
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS
MANUFACTURED BY
AMERICAN OIL CO
29 Adelaide St. West, Toronto
Small samples can be obtained free of charge by applying at office.

OCTAVIUS NEWCOMBE & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
Grand, Upright and Square
PIANOFORTES
TORONTO 107-109 Church Street. | MONTREAL 2344 St. Catharines Street.
OTTAWA 68 Bank Street.
Factory, 121 to 129 Bellwoods Ave., Toronto

GODES - BERGER
The purest of Table WATERS. The ONLY Natural Mineral WATER NOW supplied to H. M. the Queen of England, under Royal Warrant.
LONDON, July 28, 1891.
Professor Wanklyn, the greatest living authority on water, states:
"I have analyzed the Godes-Berg er water, and find that "it is EXQUISITELY PURE. Its saline ingredients are "normal—just those required to form AN IDEAL TABLE "WATER.
(Signed) "J. ALFRED WANKLYN."

GRIMSBY PARK AND LORNE PARK
(Change of Time.)
SS. CARMONA AND SS. MERRETT
GRIMSBY PARK—AUGUST SERVICE
SS. CARMONA leaves Geddes' Wharf daily (Sunday excepted) at 7 30 a.m. direct and 2 p.m., calling at Lorne Park, returning leave Grimsby Park at 10.30 a.m. and at 6.30 p.m., calling at Lorne Park at 8.30 p.m. only.
LORNE PARK—AUGUST SERVICE
SS. MERRETT leaves Geddes' Wharf daily (Sunday excepted) at 10 a.m. and 4 p.m.
SS. CARMONA leaves Geddes' Wharf daily at 2 p.m.
Tickets at company's office on dock or E. J. Harris, 765 Yonge Street; F. McIntyre, 54 Yonge Street, and W. A. Geddes, 69 Yonge Street.
Special arrangements for excursion parties, picnics, &c. Apply to PETER McINTYRE, 54 Yonge Street.

Armson & Stone.
ONE MORE WEEK | LAST CLEARING WEEK
To clear out Oddments of all kinds, Remnants, short lines of Hose and Handkerchiefs, Prints, Sateens and Dress Goods
At Away Down Clearing Prices
Good Prints, fast colors, Jerseys, Blouses and Parasols at special prices. Only fancy a real good Jacket for $1.95, or 40 inch all-wool Dress Goods for 15c.
212 YONGE STREET

THE PEER AND THE WOMAN

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A VOICE FROM THE CLIFFS.

High up on the summit of a long line of iron-bound cliffs frown the battered remains of what was once a great castle. Hundreds of feet below a grey stormy sea, which even in the calmest of summer weather seems never at rest, dashes in with an unceasing melancholy roar upon the few yards of shingly beach and the worn cliff side. From a distance it appears nothing but a magnificent ruin, wonderfully situated on the very verge of the high cliffs, and standing out against an empty background of sky and air with an almost startling vividness. The country around and behind is barren moorland, treeless and uncultivated and houseless. Only a keen eye could detect right down in the shelter of the cliffs a few red-tiled cottages huddled close together as though for protection from the wild sweeping winds, and in front of them a few browned-sailed fishing boats, and here and there a net. But more often than not the sea was too wild for their labor and the little handful of fishermen and women who dwelt there had to bear the pangs of hunger in idleness. Sometimes they covered over a common fire and told weird eerie stories—for they were north country folks and superstitious. Sometimes they stood on the grinding shingles bathed in a shower of salt spray and looked longingly but hopelessly out through the clouds of mist and water at the sea to which they dare not trust themselves and sometimes they all joined in laboring to repair the misfortunes of one of their little community and mended a net, or built into merred fresh planks into the bottom of a leaking boat. It was a plain, rough, hard life, with many sorrows and few joys. They lived it without grumbling and on the whole with quite as much satisfaction as many of their more fortunately situated fellows.

It is in the autumn when their lot seems hardest, and the battle of life most severe; and it is mid-autumn now. A wild gusty wind came roaring over the unquiet Northern Sea, furrowing the gray sea with mountainous waves, and dashing them in upon that little strip of storm-bound coast with all the fury of an army of angry demons cast loose upon the restless waters. Black clouds scud across a broken, threatening sky, and high up in the battlements of the Castle the wind seems to pause for a moment to shriek and whistle around the crumbling masonry with a devilish mirth, before it goes bounding on over the dark open country beyond. Now and then during the momentary lulls of the storm, when the wind seems pausing to gather itself fresh strength and fury, the breathless silence is broken by the shrill unearthly clamor of the white-winged sea birds circling around the black castle tower and perched upon the barren crags.

As the hours of night drew on the thick pall of darkness which had been settling upon earth and sea was pierced by the sudden appearance of the full moon from behind a thick bank of fast-moving black clouds. For a full minute the whole wildly picturesque scene stood revealed. The long dark outline of the castle, with a broken flagstaff to which was hanging mid way down the tattered remnants of a sea stained flag; the rows of birds perched on the jutting crags of the barren cliffs, the little cluster of cottages, with a dim lamplight shining from the windows of most of them, and the rough broken track which wound round and round from the cliffs above, and which alone connected them with the outside world; and, finest scene of all, away as far as the eye could reach, to where the black clouds seemed to stoop and touch the white-topped waves, the wilderness of angry, sullen waters raging and fretting beneath the power of the fierce storm wind. It was a marvellous sight.

At the door of the cottage which supplied the place of an inn to the little hamlet stood Jim Doore, landlord of the same, tempted outside for a moment by the sudden appearance of the moon. Holding his pipe behind his back lest the wind should blow it into ashes, and rob him of his last few minutes of enjoyment before retiring for the night, he took a few cautious steps shorewards and looked around him. First he cast a long anxious glance over the wildly tossing sea, and drew a short deep breath of relief when he saw no trace of any craft fighting a vain battle with the elements—for Jim Doore was a humane man. Then he glanced up at the castle and noted the two glimmering lights which shone from different parts of it. At one of these he looked with indifference, on the other, high up in the uninhabited portion of the keep, he looked long, with frowning brow and displeased mien.

"Its uncanny," he muttered between his teeth, gravely shaking his head. "I don't loike it! It bodes non good, non good."

He looked away and turned towards his cottage. Through the window he could see the cheerful blaze of a large fire, and several on a rude bench seated around it smoking. Closer still to the window was his wife, her hard weather-stained yet comely face peering out into the darkness, with a shade of anxiety in her looking for her absent lord. Suddenly she made out his burly figure, and called to him.

"Coom thee out o' th' wet, lad. Coom on."

The invitation was not one to be despised, especially accompanied as it was with a smile, which was meant to be, and was to him, inviting. Jim Doore looked in at the cheerful fireside and into his wife's face, and drew a sigh of something which was very much like content.

He lounged forward, and in another minute would have been safe inside his door. But with his hand upon the latch he paused, and stood quite still in a listening attitude. Was it his fancy or had he not heard a faint shout from above amongst the cliffs?

The moon was obscured by a black, inky cloud, which had slowly floated across it, and thick darkness had fallen again upon the scene. Suddenly a fierce gust of wind came tearing seawards and down the cliff side. At the time there was no doubt about it. It carried with it the faint but unmistakable "hallos" of a human being.

Jim Doore was a devout Catholic, and the first thing he did was to cross himself. That operation performed to his satisfaction, he rapidly ran over in his mind the names of the few neighbors. There were twelve in all, and five were in his rude parlor, the other seven he had seen during the evening, and knew them to be safe in their homes. The shout, faint though it was, through the distance, was no woman's or child's. No one but a man, and a man with sound lungs, could have made his voice heard above the din of the storm.

Excitement was a rare visitor to Jim Doore, and when it came, it came slowly. He was true on the way now. Again came that faint "hallos," and setting his feet a little apart, and throwing his head a little back, he raised his hands to his mouth, and sent forth an answering shout, which scared a whole colony of sea-gulls, and made the air beat and vibrate around him.

The cottage door was thrown open and its temporary occupants came trooping forth, Mrs. Doore in the van.

"What he's aat a doin', mon?" cried she. "Tha'st amost broak the windos, wi' tha' shooting."

He pointed up to the cliff side, which towered above them.

"There's a mon thear, lass. I tell 'ee I heard him shout. Fetch t' lanthorn; we mun gos and seek."

"Summun on t'cliff. Why, nos, lad; they be all at whoam."

"I tell 'ee I heard um. Loisten 'ee."

There was a silence, and sure enough another hollos reached them from above. There were murmurings of amazement amongst the little group—almost of fear. Strangers never came to their little clusters of abodes and this must be the hail of a stranger. Who could it be? What could he want with them? The little handful of men, slow witted by nature and disposition, looked at one another helplessly. It was Mrs. Doore whose common sense first mastered her surprise.

"A mon it be surely, and if he be got off the peath, he'll be nigh breaking his neck if you lads doan't stir yerself. Whol doan't be up, and foind 'im! Now then, Jim."

There was a stir amongst the men, and they prepared to move forward. Just as they were starting a sudden storm of wind and rain extinguished the lantern which Mrs. Doore had brought out, and there was a pause. When it was brought out re-lit the wind had increased to a hurricane. The storm which came raging in from the sea seemed to have gathered fresh and redoubled vigor from the momentary lull. Far off came the sound of the breakers lashing themselves against the worn, jagged rocks, and nearer still the sea swept in upon the hard beach, with a threatening, murderous roar, and, having spent its force, retreated, grinding its pebbles and shingles behind it, as the sea seemed rent with the screams of the "maddened beach."

"It's a terrible noight, lads," shouted Jim Doore to his little band. "We mun keep together."

They moved off, keeping close under the shelter of the giant cliff which overhung their little cluster of homesteads, though even at that distance every now and then the salt spray from the foaming sea would dash into their faces. At the foot of the winding path, from which the shout had come, they paused and joined hands before commencing the ascent.

"We mun how'd on toight to one another, lads," cried Jim Doore, "If one o' them theer gusts coomes on we'll all be like to be blowed roight over into the sea. Noo then."

They commenced their climb, every now and then crouching down to avoid the fury of the storm. Presently Jim tried a "hollos," and it was answered immediately, with a distinctness which showed them that their quest was nearly over.

"Steady, lads," cried Jim, waving his lantern, "he be away theer to the roight."

They turned down a narrow sheep-track, which seemed literally to overhang the sea below, and made their way slowly along it with great care. In a few minutes Jim paused, and held up his hand. The dark figure of a man confronted them, standing in the middle of the path.

"I've missed the path somewhere, haven't I?" he inquired. "I thought I was wrong somehow, but it was so infernally dark that I was afraid to try and find my way back again, and I didn't like going on either, so I shouted. Glad you heard me! Are you from the castle or from the village?"

"We be coom from down below," answered Jim, pointing through the thick darkness to where their few cottages lay grouped together. "It be loiteer that you didn't try to get much forrader on this 'ere path, or you'd a' walked right over th' edge o' cliff. Wouldn't he, Bill?" he added, turning round to the foremost of his companions.

"Surely."

"That's just what I was afraid of," remarked the stranger. "Can any of you lads on there put me up for the night, or show me the way to Clanavon Castle?"

There was a perfect sensation amongst the little group of men. A visitor on his way to the Castle. Such a thing was never heard of. Forgetting his manners in his curiosity, Jim raised his lantern, and for the first time had a glimpse of the stranger.

He saw a tall, finely-built young man, whose handsome face was pinched with the rain and storm, and the danger which he had certainly been in, was in no way discomposed; and apparently he saw something else, too, for after a brief inspection he lowered the lantern and touched his cap with a gesture of respect.

"Your 'onor a' ta'en wrong turn fur t' Castle," he said. "A bit shaddy to keep roight on, and never a' coom down this path. 'Tis a stiff clamb back agen, now, an' none ower safe."

"What am I to do, then?" the young man asked, shrugging his shoulders. "Can any of you put me up for the night?"

"If ya doant mind roughing it, yer honor, down in my bit of a cottage, the missus—" began Jim Doore.

"Mind roughing it; not I, my man. A good fire and a blanket are all I want. I'm wet through to the skin. Lead the way."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE STRANGER.

The little procession reformed and commenced the descent, Jim Doore and the stranger leading the way, the others close behind. Once Bill Simpson, Jim's partner, managed to edge himself into the front line for a minute and drew the latter a little on one side.

"Dost a' know who 'um be, Jim?" he whispered.

"I a gotten some idea," Jim replied in a mysterious manner. "Keep a civil tongue in tha head, mon, and bid the others."

They had reached the little strip of beach, and were slowly making their way under the shelter of the cliff to the cottages. High up in front of them shone the two glimmering lights from the castle. The stranger looked at them curiously.

"What lights are those?" he asked, pointing upwards.

Jim Doore's eyes followed his gesture, and he crossed himself again.

"From Clanavon Castle, yer honor," he answered.

"They seem a long way apart," remarked the other, looking up at them with interest. "Ah!"

Again the clouds had parted, and a brilliant flood of moonlight streamed down upon the wild little scene, glistening across the waste of tossing waters, and throwing strange shadows upon the towering cliffs. But the most striking object of all was the castle; and the stranger stood with his eyes fixed upon it, scarcely caring to cast a single glance at the remainder of the panorama. High up above them the gloomy pile with its frowning ramparts, its ruined towers and massive keep stood out boldly; the magnificence of its situation heightened by the weirdness of the light, the hour and the storm. Midway down the flagstaff the remains of the flag, tattered and torn almost into strips by the gale, were still streaming in the wind, floating against a background of light oily-looking clouds, which hovered over the castle, and against which every tear and almost the very pattern was distinguishable. It was a fine sight, although a gloomy one.

Jim Doore looked steadfastly at the two lights, and then, turning round, pointed them out silently to his companions. There was a little murmur of superstitious awe, and each man crossed himself. The stranger looked on in surprise.

"Why do you do that?" he asked curiously.

"Reason enoo', yer honor," Jim answered slowly, and dropping his voice to an impressive whisper, "Dest a' see yonder loight, the fur 'un foot theer in the tower."

"Yes! What of it?"

Jim shook his head.

"Tis no flesh and blood that bolds theer, or that kindled that loight."

The stranger smiled the easy sceptical smile of the sturdy materialist, to whom such statements seem only the weak superstitions of an ignorant, uneducated peasantry. He said nothing, but that smile was enough. The whole of the little body of men were up in arms. Their castle ghost was a familiar idea to all of them. There was not one of them who did not firmly believe in its existence. For a stranger to come amongst them and affect incredulity appeared to them very much in the light of a discourtesy, which each one was prompt to resent. The young man checked them, however, by holding up his hand.

"Look here," he protested. "You shall tell me all about your ghost when we get inside. I'm wet through to the skin, and cold as ice! Push on, my worthy guide, and let us get beneath this roof of yours."

"Roight, roight, sor," was the good-humored answer. "We beant so far neither."

They turned a corner of the cliff, and the little cluster of cottages nestling close up to its side lay right before them. From the window of Jim Doore's abode there shone a pleasant, warm light, reflected from the roaring fire which his wife had been making up in anticipation of a visitor. The stranger saw it, and quickened his pace.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, "if that isn't the pleasantest sight I've seen to-day. Is this your house?"

Jim pushed open the door with his foot and ushered in his guest with a rough gesture which was meant for a welcome.

"Doant 'ee stan' out noa longer in this cold, yer honor," he said, "coom thee in, by t' foire, and my missus shall find 'ee some dry clothes. Get thee by t' fire, Missus. Missus. We a found 'im—twas a gentlemon as a lost his way t' the castle. Coom thee and bring 'em theer clothes. Why, dang it, lass, what is ta staring at?"

During the first part of this speech Jim had been busily stirring up the fire, and otherwise arranging for the comfort of his guest, whose clothes were steaming in the warm blaze. But towards the completion, as his eyes rested full at the non-appearance of his better half, he had turned towards the door and had received something of a shock. Standing on the threshold was her wife, with her eyes steadfastly fixed upon the stranger and her hands raised to her temples. There was an expression in her face which, during his twenty years of married life, Jim Doore had seen nothing of before. Her cheeks were colorless, her dark eyes were full of horror, and her whole attitude was that of a woman paralysed by the sudden appearance of an unlooked for danger. The young man at the fireside, unconscious of her scrutiny, leaned forward toward the blaze, with a smile full upon his handsome face, and appeared to be making himself decidedly comfortable.

She made no answer to her husband's impatient question. She stood there quite still, her lips trembling a little, and her eyes still fixed upon the face which was glowing in the ruddy firelight. Her husband repeated his impatient question, and the stranger turned carelessly round in his seat, as though mildly wondering what had provoked it. His movement was such as to effect what her husband's word had failed to do. She moved slowly forward into the middle of the room, and her face resumed its usual expression, save for a slight shade of pallor.

"They're down here in the corner, Jim. I thought as they might be warm. Would this gentleman like anything to eat" she added, hesitatingly.

"Anything to eat!" he repeated, turning a good-humored, smiling face upon her. "My good woman, there is only one word which would explain my condition at the present moment. I'm starving—literally starving! Forgive the question, but have you got in the house?"

"Not much that's fit for you, sir, I'm afraid," she answered, quietly. "There's a bit o' bacon and some fish—the fish is fresh, and good if you like it, sir, and I could make you some tea."

"I should think I do like fish," he answered her. "Let me have some, by all means, and some tea; and I'll try the bacon, too. What a lucky fellow I am to have heard that shout, my good fellow! Now, where can I get into these things?"

"Here, sir, by the fire. Jim 'll come with me into the back room. I've got a fire there, sir; and your supper won't be long."

She turned away, and Jim Doore followed her. Presently she returned with a clean white cloth on her arm, and commenced making preparations for the meal. Her guest had retired himself in the direction which she had provided, and overcome by the pleasant warmth after his long exposure to the wet and cold, had sunk down in a chair and was dozing, but once or twice she glanced across to him, and then seeing that he was really asleep she moved softly over to his side and bent down over his face. In her husband's rough clothes his fair, boyish face looked all the handsomer by reason of the contrast, and as she looked into it she felt a lump come into her throat and her heart beat fast. Again there came that sensation of fear. Why had he come? What was the meaning of it? If only she dared ask him!

Her husband's heavy footsteps outside warned her of his approach, and she retreated to the table still holding her hand to her side as though in pain. Presently he entered, bearing in his hand a smoking dish and the kettle from which the steam was issuing in a little cloud. The tea was soon made, and the meal was in readiness they awakened their guest. He sprang to his feet at once, and drew up his chair to the table with alacrity.

"I've actually been dozing, have I?" he exclaimed. "I should have thought that hunger would have kept me awake. Mrs. Doore," he continued, "your fish is excellent. I never tasted better."

"I am glad you like it, sir," she answered.

"It's about the only thing we have fit to offer you."

"And the tea is delicious," he added, setting down his cup. "I feel a different man already."

Once or twice during the meal the door was softly opened, and someone would put a head in, and retreat with an awkward apology. At first the stranger seemed puzzled, but before long the truth began to dawn upon him.

"Mrs. Doore, is this an inn?" he asked.

"It be, sir. Surely."

"And those men want to come in, of course. Let them in at once, Mrs. Doore. I insist upon it."

"Wont they annoy you, sir?" she asked, doubtfully. "They're but rough sort o' chaps like, and—"

"Not another word, Mrs. Doore, but let them come in. I should be sorry to monopolize the whole room."

She moved to the door and called to them. One by one they came in and seated themselves around the wide fireplace, each making some sort of clumsy salutation to the stranger as they entered.

"My good men," he said pleasantly when they had all seated themselves, "I am obliged to all of you for coming to look for my pill up your glasses, and remember," he added, turning to Jim Doore, "whatever is drunk tonight is drunk at my expense."

There was a general murmur of thanks and general brightening up in the little circle. In a few minutes the stranger had finished his meal, and drawing his chair after him joined the circle. From the pocket of his coat which was stretched out before the fire he drew out a Morocco case and lit a cigar. Then stretching himself out in his chair he turned to the landlord.

"Now, Mr. Doore," he said, "I'm ready to hear about that mysterious light up in the castle and about the ghost. Fire away."

(To be Continued.)

Early Morning in Paris

Having been disturbed for several mornings in succession by a shrill whistle outside my window, I determined to know who was the person that came so regularly every morning to interrupt my slumber. I discovered upon inquiry that the whistler was one of those individuals who belong to the class known as revellers, or men who go about waking up workmen and others who are obliged to be at their posts early, and who do not feel sufficiently sure of themselves to get up without being called. The whistle which had so effectually broken my slumbers was intended for a wine dealer near by. The means of awakening these sleepy persons are numerous, and agreed upon beforehand. Some are drawn from their slumbers by a shrill whistle, others by cat-calls, violent sneezing, whip-snapping and various strange noises which are immediately understood by the sweeper in question. In the railway round-houses there are always one or two revellers employed by the company, whose occupation is to call the engineers and firemen of the early train. They are obliged to be on hand two hours before the departure of the train. The private awakener has a little notebook with the names and addresses of his customers, and follows his route with the same punctually as a letter-carrier; he makes the cry agreed upon in front of every house where he is expected, and never goes away until he has seen a window opened or received a response. For this service he is paid one cent a day for each person called up, and his average earnings are thirty cents a day. Some of the revellers, as soon as they have finished calling the heavy sleepers, go to the central markets and give a helping hand to the market gardeners in unloading their wazon. Then, after taking breakfast, they visit the auction sales and agree to carry bought any object for the purchaser. In this way they make fifty or sixty cents a day.

Some Charge $4,000

"Do you know the value of an oath?" asked the judge of an old darkey who was to be the next witness.

"Yes, sah; I does. One of dese yea lawyers done gib me foah dollars foh to swear to suffin'. Dat's the value of an oath. Foah dollars, sah."

—*St. Joseph News.*

Hard to Please.

"My first husband was a sailor."

"Why did you get a divorce from him?"

"Oh, he was on the sea all of the time."

"And what made you leave your second husband?"

"Oh, he was on shore so much."

A Bad Word.

Mrs. Snooper (reading)—The longest word in the Winnebago language is Shonkhaterahizanhonskonkcinena. It means "I will give you a horse."

Snooper—It is more likely to give one the lockjaw.

Her Greatest Grandfather.

She—She says that one of her ancestors fell at Saratoga.

He—Yes; and was buried under the *debris* of the grand stand.

Matrimonial Honors.

A traveler in Texas says that he was riding along a cattle-trail near the New Mexico line, when he met a rather pompous looking native of the region, who introduced himself as Colonel Jefferson Davis Bunkum.

"Were you a colonel in the Confederate army?" the traveler asked.

"No, sah."

"On the Union side, then?"

"No, sah; nevah was in no wah."

"Belong to the Texas Rangers?"

"No, sah; I do not."

"Ah, I see; you command one of the state militia regiments."

"No, sah; I don't. Don't know nothing about soldiering."

"Where, then, did you get the rank of colonel?"

"I se a kunnel by marriage, sah."

"By marriage? How's that?"

"I married the widow of a kunnel, sah—Kunnel Thompson of Waco."

HOT WEATHER FOODS!

Ireland's Desiccated Wheat
Ireland's Desiccated Rolled Oats
Ireland's Baravena Milk Food
Ireland's Desiccated Farina
Ireland's Snow Flake Barley
Ireland's Irish Oat Meal
Ireland's Barley and Rye Meal

Ireland's Snow Flake Hominy
Ireland's Gluten Flour
Ireland's Gluten Biscuits
Ireland's Breakfast Hominy
Ireland's Prepared Barley
Ireland's Prepared Groats
Ireland's English Frumenty

These Foods are twice as nourishing as meat

For Sale by all First-class Grocers

The Ireland National Food Co. (Limited)
109 Cottingham Street, Toronto

When you come out of the woods let us show you what we can do for you in wood. We will give you a guarantee with every sale, and will give you something more than that, we will give you handsome bargains as well as handsome furniture. We are making some special prices at the moment that are dear to the heart of every housekeeper. Of course you expect that these prices will be low. Well, they are, and what is more, they are lower than ever expected to see them go. For instance, we are selling

A DINING-ROOM SUITE FOR $28

consisting of a three-half pedestal extension table, a sideboard with plate glass mirror, three drawers and a double cupboard and six solid oak high-back chairs.

Bedroom Suites from $12.50.
Sideboards from $6 50.
Extension Tables from $7.50.

And while giving you these bargains which have no equals you get credit at cash prices.

THE C. F. ADAMS'
HOME FURNISHING HOUSE
177 to 179 Yonge St., through to 6 Queen St. East
Tel. 2233 C. S. CORYELL, Mgr.

The Great Rheumatic Remedy
FROM SAN FRANCISCO
No. "49 448" A Sure Cure
C. D. DANIEL & CO.
Chemists, 171 King Street East

NINE O'CLOCK OIL
is a pronounced success in the treatment of even the most severe attacks of throat and lung troubles.
25 CENTS PER BOTTLE
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

CENTRE ISLAND
Hereward Spencer & Co., Tea Merchants
63½ King Street West, Toronto, Ont.
PURE INDIAN AND CEYLON TEAS
40c., 50c., 60c., per lb.
JAMOMA COFFEE 40c. PER LB.
Telephone 1807

THESE TEAS
Can now be obtained at
J. GRAY'S
The Hygienic Dairy Centre Island

Miraculous Water
WILL DO IT
WHAT?
Keep the Complexion Soft and White
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH
TEABERRY
PRICE 25¢
TOPEKA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO

DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE
Produces a delightfully Cooling and Invigorating Sparkling Aerated Water.
THE BEST REMEDY FOR BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SEA SICKNESS, ETC.
W. G. DUNN & CO., London, England, and Hamilton, Canada. PRICE 50c. PER BOTTLE.

Buying the Engagement Ring.

When a man enters a jeweler's shop to buy an engagement ring, his studied carelessness of manner at once betrays him to the observer behind the counter. He never says he wants a ring; oh, no! He looks over the show case, and asks for several things that he has no idea of purchasing; then after a few minutes, when he feels a little more at ease, he takes the polite assistant into his confidence, asks to be shown some rings, and selects the one which strikes the happy medium between the depth of his affection and that of his pocket.

Now and then a young man asks for something for a friend. Every ring in the case is shown him, and finally he selects one, remarking that if his friend is displeased he can't help it—that the selection was left to him. The jeweler sometimes offers to let him take the ring home to show his partner or fiancee, but each time he refuses, saying, "Oh, never mind! I know he will be satisfied."

Jewelers are sometimes amused by the young man who says he desires to buy a ring for his friend. He plays it well and nobody but a jeweler would see through his ruse. He buys a ring, and, like the others, is not altogether certain that his friend will like it. He is told that if he is uncertain about it he has the privilege of returning the ring. He assures the jeweler that there will be no trouble and even goes so far as to have the initials engraved. He pulls off his hat, runs his fingers through his hair, strikes the counter with his fists and remarks that he cannot remember the initials. He studies for at least fifteen minutes, trying to think of them. Finally he pulls a piece of paper from his pocket and a smile passes over his face. "Ah, yes; here they are!" he says. "The old boy has put them on a piece of paper for me and I had forgotten about having the slip." The jeweler places the inscription on the mystic circlet and not being a curious person, is content to believe in the little fiction.

When the ring is very valuable, however, the matter is not so easy and with the transfer, "I always give to each of my customers who buys as much as you have bought a pretty pin," says the jeweler, as he takes from the drawer a pin. "If you will give my your name I will engrave it on the pin for you." The young man of course complies, and gives the same initials for the pin as he has given for the ring, when the jeweler, who is not without his share of mischief, remarks, "You and your friend have nearly the same initials." His face flushes as he seems to remember, and he slips out of the door, saying, "Yes, nearly."

Sis—Athelstane, I am unhappy!
Bub—Why?
Sis—I think you'd love me better if I was a blonde!—*Life.*

The Nihilist.

In 187—, some time before the tragic death of the last czar, one of the most most consideration in the empire was Prince Michael, whose illustrious family name it is unsuitable to designate here.

In a journey which he had made in France, a little while after the war, he had met at one of the receptions of the Princess Lise, the superb daughter of General de Contremont, whom the Parisian world, arising from its ashes, already knew under the name of the "Belle Madelaine," and who was as poor as she was beautiful.

Michael was taken, despite his forty years and his solemn intentions of celibacy, against which for fifteen years all the young girls and all the widows of the Russian aristocracy had dashed themselves like bouquets of roses or lilies against the sombre sheathing of a gunboat.

"Mother," said Madelaine one evening, to the widow of the hero of Gravelotte, "would you be content if I were to become a princess?"

"Not altogether, for I have made you beautiful enough to be a queen."

Indeed, I do not remember to have met, in so perfect a combination, any type of human beauty. I see her again, the adorable one! on a certain evening, at the opera, some weeks after her marriage. There were, I will wager, in the orchestra chairs, fifty spectators who were or had been more or less in love with her, from simple admiration to desperate passion. You can judge how those men listened to the music. *Mireille* might have been played in the place of *Les Huguenots* and not a single one of them would have dreamed of noticing it.

That was, and probably will be, the most memorable evening of Madelaine's youth. She felt herself avenged before the eyes of a sex that only inspired her, then, with rancor, for among these men who would have impoverished themselves to be loved by her for an hour, there was not one who had not found her too poor before to make her the companion of his life. Alone in the great opera-box, with her husband, proud, hardly smiling in appearance, but inwardly vibrating from head to foot with the excitement of triumph, she reflected admiration as her diamonds sent back the light. She was a living superlative, for she could tell herself:

"I see here twenty-five women who are beautiful; but it is I who am the most beautiful."

That evening, an American woman many times millionaire, out not at all pretty, made in her opera-box this avowal:

"I do not wish to resemble the Princess Michael, for that would be asking too much. But only to have her teeth, I would give my house in the Champs Elysees and everything in it, even my jewel-box. With teeth like those, one has no need to be pretty. One smiles or yawns, according to circumstances—and the world is at her feet!"

"That is to say at the feet of the teeth," said a diplomat. "But I'm afraid that the princess is destined to yawn more than to smile. His Excellency of a husband has not an amusing or comfortable look. More than once in her life, the beautiful Madelaine will regret Paris."

Yes, in truth, the prince was not comfortable, even at the time of his marriage. But some years later, he was less so, the princess was there to testify.

He owed it to the company of his wife that he had become jealous as a tiger, and to the favor of the czar that he had become Minister of Police. Confess that these two qualities united are not at all calculated to make a man amiable.

However, he had found means to utilize his public functions in the service of his private jealousy. It is thus that here in France the small dignitaries employ a cuirassier armed to the teeth—and even higher—to solicit a couple of circus tickets.

It was not cuirassiers that Prince Michael employed, although he had quantities of them at his disposition. He had found it more simple to choose, among the best subjects of his suite, the coachman who drove the carriage of his wife and the concierge who kept the door of his house. Then, as complementary, he had his secret service. I don't do you the injustice of supposing you ignorant of what this is, although of course it does not exist in France. Or else what would be the use of living in a republic?

At the beginning the unlucky minister had read by dozens, declarations of love addressed to his wife, in all keys and all measures—and sometimes without measure. Then his amazement had slackened, not that the princess became less charming, but people began to distrust. Those who had confided to the post and telegraphs of his majesty their hopes or their complaints had almost always seen bad luck attach itself to their steps under the most unexpected and divers forms. The czarine was, as one of these victims said, whether the prince had too good eyes.

Of course, the replies went to the secret service, as well as the original letters, and his excellency was able to convince himself that he was the husband of a furious coquette, but nothing more than that; from which he experienced a relative satisfaction.

It is a relief for one who hears the cry of Fire! in his house to be able to assure himself that everything is limited to an ill-swept chimney. As for playing chimney-sweep himself, this poor prince had not the time, for the life of the Czar gave him as much care with the Nihilists, as the virtue of the princess with her adorers.

So judge of his frightful surprise, when he read one day the following letter, of which he recognized only too well the handwriting, although it was signed merely by a simple initial:

"It appears that the emperor will go to Warsaw sooner than was supposed. Keep yourself then in readiness to set out on brief notice, for who knows when we shall find again such an opportunity? I have not left you in ignorance of the difficulties of the undertaking. Arrange them so as to succeed the first time, without bungling. You will present yourself to me as a friend of the family traveling for pleasure in Russia. Go to see my mother before leaving. She will give you some errand, whatever, for me; and this will be your introduction in case of need."

The unhappy prince was half beside himself when he finished this horrible reading. So, this conspiracy that he fought against night and day with iron, prison and exile; this monstrous, pitiless war, of a whole army of monsters against one man—he found it at his fireside! It was his own wife, his beautiful Madelaine, who was saying to the assassin: "The hour is at hand, be ready!"

What use to struggle any more? What fatality armed against this unfortunate sovereign the foreign woman herself? This woman had everything; youth, beauty, luxury, admiration. She a nihilist! What then did she lack? What rancor impelled her to crime, her too, at the risk of the straw pallet of the dungeon that would bruise that charming body, the hempen rope that would break that ivory neck, the snow of Siberia that would freeze the little feet as white as itself?

"Ah!" thought the unfortunate man. "I have not known how to make her happy. I have shown myself too jealous. She hates me, and her hate has found her redoubtable, sublimated to a force of inconceivable horror!"

What must be done, meanwhile? He thought of killing his wife and then himself, leaving the public to imagine some story of love and detection, for this faithful subject liked this sort of dishonor better than the other. Then there came to him the desire to go to throw himself at the feet of the emperor and tell him all, after which he would disappear forever with the guilty woman.

The sentiment of duty withheld him. He had the clue of the plot; he must discover its whole network, and for that, it sufficed to let the letter go its way. The assassin would deliver up himself. A ready the minister had the name of this man: Nicholson, some Eng lishman or American, perhaps, a dynamite expert, or else merely a student having assumed a false name.

The letter went, and that evening the prince and the princess were at the opera, in their box; he pale, trembling with fever, aged by fifteen years; she more fascinating and more surrounded than ever.

"You are ill, Michael!" said Madelaine, smiling at her husband in the carriage which was taking them home.

"By what do you notice that?" he said with an air strangely sombre.

"By what? You haven't been jealous this evening."

. . . . . .

At the end of a week, the minister of police said to his wife, without appearing to attach to it any importance:

"It is Thursday that the czar leaves Petersburg."

"Really!" she cried, scarcely disturbed by what she was about to learn. "The newspapers gave another date."

He answered, purposely deceiving the accomplice of Nicholson, for he had his plan:

"Yes, it is wished to ferret out those who might have evil designs."

Then he spoke of something else, admiring within himself the strength of mind of that unworthy creature.

That same day he understood that his ruse had succeeded when they communicated to him, from the telegraph office, this dispatch by the princess, one guesses to whom.

"It is for Thursday. Be punctual."

Of course Thursday passed without the czar or his minister having quitted the capital.

Madelaine had become suddenly very uneasy at the announcement of this pretended change of plan.

The following day, in the afternoon, a person richly dressed, adorned with an enormous rosette, presented himself at the palace of Prince Michael.

"What does monsieur desire?" asked, bowing to the ground, the concierge lent by the fifth division of police.

"To pay respect to the princess and give her a message from her mother. I am Dr. Nicholson."

"Very well," said the man, "monsieur is expected. Madame, the princess, is paying a visit to a friend and has given orders to take monsieur to her. In five minutes the carriage will be ready.

Nicholson had hardly had time to admire some tapestries in the waiting-room, for he was a connoisseur, when they made him enter a coupe, in which the concierge took a place beside him without asking leave to do so.

"Queer custom!" thought Nicholson. "He might very well have mounted on the box."

No need to say that in a quarter of an hour later the self styled doctor was in the best, that is to say the most solid prison of Petersburg, and that if he was expected there it was not by the princess.

In a sort of very disagreeable parlor, adorned with police agents, fully armed, a personage whom he did not know and who was the prince himself, interrogated him with an absence of regard to which poor Nicholson was unaccustomed.

"It is an infamy!" he cried, struggling. "I arrived from Paris this very morning. I have not spoken three words to any one whatever, and when I present myself at the house of the princess, they carry me away like a thief!"

"You know the princess?" the minister questioned coldly.

"I should say so! I almost saw her born. Here is a letter from her mother, the widow of a great general. Besides, I am an American citizen and I protest—"

"Search this man carefully," interrupted the high functionary without seeming to hear.

They found nothing suspicious upon Nicholson, nothing but a dainty box, carefully wrapped. What if it were an infernal machine! It must be confessed, in this case, that the science of probability has made great progress since Fieschi.

An engineer of the school of torpedoes, attached to the ministry of police on occasions, undid the packet with the precautions counselled by science.

Most of the persons present were but little reassured, and expected some terrible explosion.

Nothing abnormal was produced. Only the engineer had a singular smile when he held out the open box to the prince who, hastened, moreover, to put it in his pocket after having glanced at it.

"Name," he asked Nicholson, "You are——"

"An American dentist, monsieur, and very much in haste. I wish to return to Paris as soon as possible. My work claims me."

Five minutes later Nicholson was again in the coupe, having, this time, as his companion the prince himself who overwhelmed him with apologies.

"But," said the husband of the beautiful Madelaine, "how is it that I have never perceived anything!"

"Your excellency," replied proudly the American, "if you had perceived anything, Nicholson's artificial teeth would no longer deserve their reputation."

"So the teeth of the princess"——

"False, prince. When she was very young Mlle. de Contremont had a fall from a horse which shattered her jaw. I executed for her at that time one of the best sets that ever went from my office. But everything wears out in time and I was going to adjust a new set for her, during your absence."

The public has never known this adventure. It is merely noticed that the prince is less in love with her.

O human heart!—*From the French of Lissagaz.*

Mythology for Moderns.

Sappho was a poetess of passion who, some twenty-five hundred years ago, was regularly fired out of the editorial rooms of Athens. Phaon was the editor of a religious weekly, who, when Sappho had deluded some secular editor into buying one of her poems, would, at her request, eat cheese sandwiches with her at 11 o'clock at night, and talk about the Aspirations of his Soul.

Sappho liked to hear Phaon talk about the Aspirations of his Soul. In fact, she loved Phaon, and twaddle from his lips was wisdom in her ears. In her milder verse she used to allude to him as follows:

Oh, youth of slend'rous mould and bletine eye,
Whose pulse to my pulse responds ecstasy.
Yum, yum, terarum, kiss me, sweet,
Aye, aye.

Back blood, back heart, nor hold me prone,
For he is mine, my own, my owned own.
Yum, yum, terarum, kiss, kiss, kiss again.
Oh, bliss!

Flushed cheeks and gurgling eyes to mine close pressed,
What care I now who mayesh give us rest.
Yum, yum, terarum, hug closer, squeeze, caress.
There are only a few of us left.

But Phaon had some common sense. When all the Athenian journals became long on erotic poetry, and that product was a drug in the market, the cheese sandwich sprees were of less frequent occurrence. Phaon began to fight shy of of Sappho. She, however, continued to hang around the front of the building where he edited the sermons of country clergymen at three nesteria an edit.

Finally she became such a nuisance to the other tenants in the building, that the landlord had the following sign placed on the front door:

BEGGARS PEDDLERS AND
EROTIC POETESSES
NOT ALLOWED ON THESE PREMISES.

To an erotic poetess with a sensitive and clinging nature like Sappho this was a cruel blow. To be sure her *salon* was a great success, and was frequented by a large number of Athenians, who thought that because they went regularly to Sappho's flat and gorged themselves with the lemonade and ladyfingers they had gained a foothold in the literary set. But without Phaon even this glory lost its savor. Life had become a cocktail without the bitters. Therefore she took out an accident policy on her life in the sum of 3,000 talents, and after making a careful toilet betook herself to the cliff of Leucadia. The peculiarity of this cliff was, that any lover who jumped from it would either be cured of the love or become food for a coroner's jury. Sappho jumped, and was cured of her love for Phaon. The undertaker remarked that he had seldom laid out a lovelier remains. Phaon collected the insurance, set up a dog cart, and on pleasant Sundays and half-holidays was wont to drive out past Sappho's tomb on his way to visit a young lady who had written a novel which had the good luck to be excluded from the mails by the Postmaster-General of Greece.—*Life.*

A Base-Ball Miracle.

The Man With the Cigar.

It was a few months before Haskell sold out that I called on him last. You may remember him. He kept a little fancy goods store in the Bowery.

I had not been in the city for over a year previously, I was particularly anxious to see him.

When I entered the place he was apparently waiting on a customer in the far end of the store, and did not observe my entrance. But when the profile of this party was turned suddenly, so that I got a view of the face, it was immediately evident to me that he was not my friend Haskell.

Haskell, if you recall his face, had very regular features and, withal, a perfectly straight nose. This man's nose was a decided pug.

If any man ever loved a cigar that man was Haskell, and thinking he must be out to lunch I stepped around the corner and bought a couple of prime Perfectos and returned. A boyish-looking clerk came forward and asked what I desired.

"I wish to see Mr. Haskell."

"He has just this moment gone out."

"That was not Haskell in the back of the store a few moments ago?"

"Indeed it was."

"But he could not have been; that man had a pug nose."

"But haven't you heard?"

"No; what?"

"Why, it was in all the papers. It was the strangest thing, too, that he wasn't murdered."

"What was it?"

"You know Beppo, that keeps a little barber shop just above?"

"Yes, slightly."

"Well, he was an educated Dago—a Sicilian, I think, a bright looking young fellow, well liked by everyone around here. He was educated for a surgeon at Naples. But it appears that he was very moody. Something prayed upon his mind. It might have been business or it might have been a love affair. No one knows.

"About six months ago one rainy morning Beppo came down to his shop in one of his terrible states of despondency."

"'Me feels vera bad,' he said to me as he was opening the door.

"'What is the matter, Beppo?'

"'Ah, no matta, no matta—what ze deval could be the matta with Beppo!' he said with a scowl, shrugging his shoulders and gesticulating wildly.

"I laughed and came into the store.

"Mr. Haskell went into Beppo's shop for his usual shave next morning and took the chair with a cigar in his mouth.

"Beppo, it appeared afterward, had been already especially annoyed by the circumstances. One was the smell of gas arising from some corner of his apartment and the other the sound of a squeaky hand organ run by one of his own countrymen in the street near by. If there was anything he detested more than these two sources of annoyance it was to have a customer smoke when he was shaving him. He immediately concluded that Mr. Haskell was smoking that cigar for the very purpose of insulting him. The thought made him furious. Though unobserved by his customer his eyes glared. He stropped his razor with the vehemence of a madman. Then he approached the chair, as we noticed afterward, with the purpose of severing Mr. Haskell's head from his body. The latter was quietly reading his paper with his cigar burned down to within about an inch of his mouth.

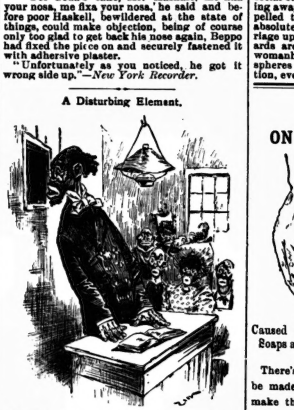
"Beppo seemed to be balked by the cigar; such trivial things sometimes change the purpose of a madman. He drew his razor just over the end of the burning weed and sliced off the tip of Mr Haskell's nose so quickly that the latter hardly knew what had happened.

"At that instant Beppo came to himself. He not only realised that in cutting off his customer's nose he was more than likely to cut off his own, but he felt profoundly sorry for what he had done.

"'For God's sake, Mr. Haskale, me fixa your nosa, me fixa your nosa,' he said and before poor Haskell, bewildered at the state of things, could make objection, being of course only too glad to get back his nose again, Beppo had fixed the piece on and securely fastened it with adhesive plaster.

"Unfortunately as you noticed, he got it wrong side up."—*New York Recorder.*

A Disturbing Element.



Mr. Brickett (in a loud whisper)—Deac'n! Voice from the ante-room—What?

Mr. Brickett—Doan' shek dem dices s' hard. D' congerzation cain't heah me 'spostulatin' wiv 'm.—*Judge.*

Misses E. & H. Johnston, 122 King street west, beg to announce that they have just opened up a choice selection of "mousseline chiffon" challys and various other summer goods. Latest novelties in Parisian millinery and trimmings.

Her Wickedness.

"But, are you sure, Madeline, that there are not times when you regret our engagement?"

"Haven't I had proposals from many men—handsome, honorable, cultivated, delightful men—and yet (tenderly) didn't I choose you dear?"

A Practical Exchange.

"What is your sweetheart by trade, Lizzie?"

"A Miller." "So was my last one; but missis always saw him standing in our dark pantry, and so I've now got a chimney sweep."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

What Woman Has Gained.

In a late number of *The Women's Journal*, Henry B. Blackwell sums up the gains, legal and social, that women have made in the United States in the present generation. The gains would have been still greater than they are, in Mr. Blackwell's judgment, only for two causes—one in the north, the other in the south. The causes are the foreigner and the negro. Many of the foreign immigrants, he says, will have to die and be born over again before they can rise to the American conception of human rights and duties.

In spite of these granite walls that have barred her way, however, woman has won this much:

Women have attained in the United States constitution, by the fourteenth amendment, an express guaranty of citizenship. "All persons born or naturalized in the United States" are declared to be "citizens of the United States, and of the state in which they reside."

Twenty-three states have conceded the principle of women suffrage by making women voters in school elections; three states have given women the right to vote on liquor licenses; Kansas has given women suffrage in municipal elections, and Wyoming, after twenty-one years of experience as a woman suffrage territory, has given women full suffrage and political equality.

In a majority of the states important legal changes in the status of wives, mothers and widows have greatly modified the legal subjection of woman in marriage.

In the primary schools girls and boys stand everywhere on a footing of equality, and a majority of American colleges and universities are now open to women.

In skilled labor women are becoming free to earn an independent livelihood. Trades and professions are steadily opening to them. The social stigma against working women is passing away. Young women no longer feel compelled to marry, because they are no longer absolutely dependent before and after marriage upon fathers or husbands. Social standards are changing. A larger conception of womanhood is in the public mind. Wider spheres of usefulness are viewed with satisfaction, even by the most conservative.

LOOK
ON THIS AND ON THAT

Caused by Injurious Soaps and Powders | Kept Soft and Healthy by Sunlight Soap

There's no need why a woman's hand should be made ugly and distorted. Nature didn't make them so, and they wouldn't be in that condition if they had been used to a soap like the "Sunlight." Take care of the hands, and use only "Sunlight" Soap for all household purposes.

Can You Believe It?

We know it is hard to believe, and yet it is true, that every day persons who ask for CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, have handed out to them something which looks like C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S, and yet is not.

They are put up in a RED wrapper, and they closely imitate "C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S" in general appearance. But it is a fraud!!!

The unsuspecting purchaser who wants CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS because he knows their merit, and is sure of their virtues, goes home with a fraud and imitation in his pocket.

HEED THE WARNING.

Don't be deceived and do not be imposed upon with an imitation of what you want. You want CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, because you know their value and their merit. THEY NEVER FAIL.

When you go to buy a bottle of CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, ask for "C-A-R-T-E-R'S," be sure you get "C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S," and take nothing but the genuine CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR
SICK HEADACHE
Small Pill Small Dose Small Price

HAVE YOU TENDER FEET?
IF YOU HAVE
Flett's Foot Powders
WILL CURE THEM
FLETT'S DRUG STORE
482 Queen Street West, Toronto

Q. O. R
The most popular regiment
SCOURINE
The most popular soap
For cleaning and polishing military accoutrements, band instruments and everything pertaining to a soldier.
MAKES HOUSEWORK EASY
The ladies all know it. Use it and have your servants use it.
ASK YOUR GROCER

RUGS RUGS RUGS
FOR TRAVELLING | FOR DRIVING | FOR BOATING
Prices from $3.00 to $30.00
The largest assortment in the city. All new goods and the best value
H. E. CLARKE & CO.
105 King Street West

He Had Seen the Wild West Show.

Small Boys—Hey, Puzze, lead me your tail for a clothes-line. Ya, ya, ya!

Sam Wah—Melican boy heap too smart. Me showee him little tick.

—Mellican boy no yell at Sam Wah any more. Me beatee Buffalo Bill.—*Judge.*

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (Limited), Proprietors

VOL. IV] TORONTO, AUG. 22, 1891. [No. 39

Our Ideals.

THERE are few people who are so practical that they have not formed some ideals of their very own, with which outside influence has nothing at all to do. Our ideals are generally higher up according to the amount of civilized refinement we possess. The savage nations admire height and strength and power of endurance, but among the educated, cultured class we go higher up than that, and our ideals are of a different stamp altogether. Absolute purity, absolute truth, absolute goodness becomes our standard, and the higher we go in our estimate of purity, truth and goodness so do we live in a higher atmosphere than our fellows around us. Complete manliness in a man is what is required, and to be manly means to act just as a true man would act, and that is to rise very near to God, because man was to live like his God. But alas! how many of us suffer on account of our ideals, or rather in the persons we allow to personate our ideals. We know a person slightly and think well enough of him to begin forming him into our ideal. Then we go on with the forming process until we have quite clothed him with the essence of our ideality, until we reach a state in which we give a sort of half worship to our hero, or to our heroine, which ever it may be, and then perhaps after a short interval of trust and satisfaction in the ideal so worshipped, some terrible day we see some very grave inconsistency in the life, giving our hearts a little shock, something like we feel when we have touched an electric battery. That passes away for a time, then follow still graver errors or contradictions in the character we had so much admired. Then we give up being shocked and a feeling of despair settles over us, and we sit down in wonder at the blindness of our vision before, now that we see so much more clearly. The feeling is a terrible one. It leaves behind it a vague idea that there was really nothing at all in the person, only what we had idealized him to be, and we become more practical for a time, have less faith in every thing and every body, having very much less faith in our *Poor Humanity*. It is pitiable that we must learn these lessons. Strange too, that we repeat this idealization process over again, before we become cured, and indeed some people I believe never became quite cured on this earth. Let us hope they may find their ideals beyond, if never here. We find that the ideal was what we loved and worshipped, not the real person of all, but our idealized form with which the supposed hero was clothed. No wonder people are so often disappointed in this life, when we are given minds in which we cannot help forming ideals, and then cannot have those ideals personated, for any length of time, without being rudely awakened from our dream and by the very persons too who made us believe in them; and the higher and grander our ideals are, so much the more does it grieve our hearts to find out the unreality of our idealized characters. No wonder married people often suffer from this awakening; when it is too late for losing faith it is lost, when distrust is almost a positive sin, it cannot be kept back, and life-long misery often results because of the unreality of our ideals in men and women. If we only kept to our ideals ourselves, each one of us, it would be well, but we are apt to put some one else in the position we look up to as the perfect standard of true living instead of trying to live in the higher life ourselves, and indeed while trying to live there we are hindered by this human habit of giving our best admiration to some soul of our very highest regarding. Some of us cannot help it. It is so natural to give to some object with which we come in contact, that we could not go on living without so doing, even if we suffer for it afterwards, we still give. How happy are they who find their ideals true. There are a few of earth's favored ones who do find them true—always pure white as in the beginning of their intercourse. Happy would we all be if we never had cause to lose faith in each other. If we were all true and honorable in every act of our lives, our ideals would then merge into our reals. ELLA MAUDE.

Delsartean Physical Culture.

For Saturday Night.

The great law of culture is: Let each become all that he was created capable of being.—*Carlyle.*

Physical culture has become a very important branch of education of the present day. We have so long estimated the value of mental training only that our bodies have been to a marked degree neglected. They have become through the restrictions of fashionable dress, lack of proper training, etc., rigid and awkward. A revolution is taking place. All intelligent and cultivated people are looking into this question. They see our imperfections and realize the value of such discipline of the body as shall, when combined with mental training, perfect us for the fulfillment of all the requirements of life. We should be able to walk well, move well, and speak well.

Francois Delsarte, the great French teacher, has left us a perfected system of physical training based upon scientific principles. This drill is designed to free the body from angles and discords and establish habits of ease and grace.

Weak and nervous people give evidence of the value of this system as a remedial agent. Those suffering from insomnia derive great benefit from the practice of relaxing exercises. Awkward and self-conscious people soon acquire grace and self-control, and whatever inborn gifts in the way of health and manner are to be found among the students of Delsarte are brought out and confirmed to their lasting benefit.

The movements are without nervous tension, and all violent exercises are disapproved of. The practical teacher soon discovers if a joint is stiffened, or if a motion is made in nervous tension, and a special exercise is given until the whole body works harmoniously. This usually takes long and patient practice.

As the system deals especially with physical reform, it is impossible to write it in a book, because each individual has his own peculiarities, which need the personal supervision of a teacher.

In many of the leading schools and colleges of the United States this system is taught, and it is largely studied by actors, orators, clergymen, painters, sculptors and scholars who wish to obtain a deeper insight into human nature.

If all Delsarteans would work together they would have an influence upon art and physical development such as the world has never seen. They could revolutionize the whole art world, for their truths hold the key to the noblest and purest truths known to man.

AGNES CRAWFORD.

Aug. 18, 1891.

The Drama.

The Grand Opera House will open for the season on Monday evening, when the Roth Lyric Opera Company will present for the first time here The Black Hussar. The Montreal *Herald* says: The Black Hussar cannot fail to be a success for as long a period as the management care to put it on, as it is without doubt a finished a performance of comic opera as has been seen in our midst for many years. Subordination is the most essential part of military duty, and it seems that the spirit of subordination is carried even into an opera that has a military savor, for the whole company obeyed as if by magic, the swaying of the director's baton, moving as a unit inspired by the genius of perfect command. There is a dash and impetuosity in the music at times that gives it a martial swing, while at others it merges into an entirely different strain. Hastily scanning over the score, the ingenuity of the composer is revealed in a manner that cannot fail to impress the most listless observer, while there is no doubt that to one capable of thoroughly appreciating the subtle, interior influences of music, there is much in it to charm. The cast is a magnificent one, and each member is worthy of a high compliment. One need not be reminded that as Minna Miss Lily Post appeared in her original character; no other artist could so ably fill it. The role of Rosetta was assigned to Miss Emma Hanley, and the double role of Helbut was filled by Mr. Guiberson, who embraced every opportunity of displaying his cultivated voice and made a great hit. Mr. Horace Tempest, Misses Hilda and Maud Hollins, Miss Edith Hoyt and Miss Ethel Ormonde also contribute to the success of the opera. The chorus work was grand; indeed the Black Hussar is a success from beginning to end.

•

Below is presented a portrait of Miss Leila Koerber, better known to the theatrical public as Marie Dressler. She is a Toronto girl and the daughter of a musician well-known throughout Canada, Prof. Koerber. Some four

years ago she went on the operatic stage as a chorus girl, and by exceptional ability and untiring application she has pushed her way forward until she is now considered the cleverest comedienne on the American operatic stage. She is now playing with the Bennet-Moulton Opera Company, this week completing a stay at Cleveland of thirteen weeks. The portrait shows her in one of her costumes as Madame Favart. This is the role of a serio-comic opera in which the heroine on escaping from a convent goes through six different disguises to attain an object. Miss Dressler's repertoire includes some thirty operas, her best-known parts being the Queen in the Bohemian Girl, Lady Allcash in Fra Diavola, Katisha in the Mikado and the title part of the Grand Duchess. She has a good and powerful voice, but it is her rare personality as a really funny actress to which she chiefly owes her success. Miss Dressler hopes to bring a company to Toronto next summer which will give a four week's season of comic opera.

•

W. S. Gilbert and Alfred Cellier—the new comic opera partnership—have finished a piece that will be produced at the Prince of Wales', London, when L'Enfant Prodigue finishes its successful run. Mystery surrounds the subject and nature of the work.

•

The report that the Actors' Order of Friendship has officially decided that none of its members shall accept engagements in the cast of Abraham Lincoln is unfounded. But it is true that the majority of the actors composing the order have individually determined to refuse any offer that may be made them by McKee Rankin to appear in that play. Reverence for the character of Lincoln and love for Edwin Booth are good and sufficient reasons for that resolve.

•

Mr. Booth is a shining target for the sensational newspapers this summer. After parading his remote family affairs at great length and with a superficial pretence of "friendship," they have now taken up the subject of his health, and conflicting reports on that matter are of almost daily occurrence. One paper out in Denver heads an article, "Edwin Booth Dying;" prints his picture and a funereal sketch of his career. Another paper, in New York, prints in one and the same issue (1) that he is sinking rapidly from nicotine poisoning, and (2) that he has not felt so well in many years. Meanwhile, Mr. Booth is visiting his daughter, and in his seclusion is probably wondering what he has done to stir up all this feverish anxiety to pry into his affairs.

•

The death of Mrs. E. L. Davenport has left a gap in the circle of a family whose marked characteristic has been its unity.

She was one of those charming women that never grow old, and that exercise an unfailing attraction over the young.

In the Davenport family there has always been a rare respect for domestic sentiment. Birthdays and anniversaries, both joyful and sorrowful, have always been observed by its members with religious fidelity, and the mother set the example to the children in making these celebrations occasions for loving reunions.

Mrs. Davenport's decease removes another of the few remaining links that bridge the modern stage and the traditions of the past.

She was one of the pleasantest examples of the sterling old school of actors, because in her its traits were sufficiently modified and mellowed to make her acting eminently acceptable to the many to whom the contemporary style of histrionism seems wanting in nothing.

•

In England nowadays, as in America, many an actor or actress, retired or unemployed, makes a prosperous living as a tutor. Henry Neville has been teaching ambitious amateurs since he returned to London. That graceful woman and admirable actress, Carlotta Leclercq, whose Peg Woffington still lives in the memory of American audiences, has a very large class of pupils for the footlights, and is making money somewhat faster than she did during her best days on the stage. Sarah Thorne, of the famous family of that name, is another successful preceptress of the young idea in England, and so, too, is Mrs. John Billington. In this country Henry M. Pitt is probably the best individual gainer in recent years as a teacher of would-be actors, though the veteran and accomplished Mrs. D. W. Waller has for a long time had under her care large and profitable classes. The various "schools of acting" continue to attract numerous pupils, and it must be said of them that the prejudice against young men and women graduated from these institutions is gradually disappearing. Formerly the guild of managers refused to entertain applications for employment from graduates of the schools. But a glance at the alumni list indicates that the young folks do pretty well after all, especially if they are clever.

•

Augustus Thomas will very likely make an excellent dramatization of Colonel Carter of Cartersville. He is in sympathy with Southern feeling and character, and he will doubtless preserve the spirit of Hopkinson Smith's extremely clever and truthful sketch, while giving it a dramatic element to which the little book makes no pretensions.

Colonel Carter, if skilfully dramatized and well played, will be a new type to the stage, and one that will win the public heart and fancy.

But the question is, is W. J. Ferguson likely to interpret the Colonel with such a degree of excellence as the character demands?

Mr. Ferguson is an adroit and amusing eccentric comedian, but hitherto his best work has been seen in bits. Give him a short, well defined character part, and nine times in ten he will make it stand out and score an unmistakable hit.

But Mr. Ferguson is not equally happy in sustained work of this description. He is apt to over elaborate and to grow a trifle monotonous and wearisome.

I confess there are not many actors one can call to mind that would be capable of getting all there is out of the character of Colonel Carter. But at the head of the list I should place E. M. Holland.

•

Amid the applause of the theater-going world and the glare of the foot-lights, the triumphs of art and the satisfaction of success, Madame Bernhardt has always seemed to have a morbid turn of mind. It may be that the splendor of living suggests the inevitable by force of contrast; it may be that the unpoetical region behind the stage, so associated with the glitter of the boards, has turned the thought of the actress toward the general hollowness and vacuity of this mundane existence. Perhaps, after all, philosophical reflection has had nothing to do with it, and Madame Bernhardt may have been impelled by motives of eccentricity; or again there may have been no philosophy or motive in it at all. Whatever the cause, which each one may determine to his own satisfaction, it is now a matter of sober history that a large tomb (empty) stands in the cemetery of Pere Lachaise bearing the name of Bernhardt. The tomb is dignified and classical in its simplicity, and here the flowers passed over the footlights by the Parisian admirers of the actress find a resting-place. There is an ideal artlessness about the thought—the wreaths of triumph may go to seek the tomb of art, and the triumphant artist can do the decoration herself. So long as she may live, Madame Bernhardt can see that her grave is kept green. The tomb is out of the beaten paths of the cemetery, but one can picture the actress as she hies thither in the early morning, her carriage laden with the triumphs of the night before. With tearful eye and reverent mien the baskets and wreaths are placed upon the empty sarcophagus, while the veiled lady reads her own name upon the marble tomb and wonders whether life is not all a dream. It is a happy way as well to dispose of garlands that must be a great nuisance to an actress.

•

Summer is a great time for getting rid of superfluous flesh, and many a soubrette puts herself through a course that would make John L. weary. She walks, she runs, she rows if she can get hold of a boat. She wears her stage furs and sits in the sun. She drinks vinegar. She is rubbed. She starves. She lives on sawdust and lime juice, and nobody guesses her private tortures. A more sentimental actress's summering was given to a New York *Sun* reporter by one of them: "It isn't during the season," she said, "in the glaring theater and during the inane old talk of the play that an actress loses her heart. It is in the summer time, when she puts on a sun bonnet and goes for the cows with a freckled country giant, dreams of her self doing Esmeralda really, and sighs for peace and believes the enthusiastic collegian who says, 'Let me take you away from the blaze of the footlights; you were not meant for such a life.' It is in summer when she has eaten too many gooseberries, and a 'nameless pain' agitates her apron, that she believes she has mistaken her life and writes to the leading man that she won't marry him unless he will go and live with her in sunny Italy—far, far from the stage and its garish splendors. It is in summer time that she thinks she has discovered the difference between moonlight and a calcium, and says she will marry the dark-eyed somebody or other who woos her; and it is in winter that she goes back to work to take care of him. It is in summer that she dreams of simple joys and peaceful years; that she loathes bills of fare, and fancies 'porridge with the children clambering about her knee;' and it is in summer when some broad-shouldered real lover asks her to wait till he has won a home for her and she gets swamped with an ambition to wait. In the winter, when she is playing such fool nonsense in dramas, she is a practical little business woman, but in the summer time, when she is 'resting,' and wearing broad hats and freckles, she is ingenuous and confiding as the most weak-minded of her stage heroines. She rests more in one week than her sister in private life does in a year. She throws away her painted, dressed-up, and self-confident self, and, if she gets half a chance, turns herself loose, a regular kid, in the buttercups and daisies. She will get more salt out of the sea, more ozone out of the air, more shine from the sun, more sweet from the flowers than anybody else. Roses will fly to her pale cheeks and glisten come into her weary eyes with just half a chance. Her step, grown weary through a long season, lifts lightly, and the stage ring goes out of her laugh, leaving it like a child's. She eats bread and butter and falls in love as easily in August as she will digest soft-shell crabs and look out for herself in December. She will look more like a simple country maiden in July than does the simple country maiden in January when she will play the part of an 'actress' and dress as never an actress was heard of. In August her skin is brown and like velvet; in September it is alabaster and like satin. She is light hearted and light headed in summer and she is light hearted and level headed in winter. When you see her in the city you very likely will know her a block off. When you see her in the country you will think that you have at last found the milkmaid of whom you have read."

Lady Shoppers.

"What do I notice most about my customers?" said the "ladies' shopper" (an institution peculiar to New York and other large fashion centres), as she spread out her bundles on her table and addressed them.

"Well, I'll tell you. Their heedlessness, carelessness—what you will. It seems to me often that they do not take the slightest thought of what they are doing. I'll tell you of one instance which will serve to illustrate what I mean. I had an order for two sets of silk underwear. I bought carefully, following the directions to the letter. I sent them in boxes to their destination. A few days later they were returned to me—not in the boxes in which I had sent them, but carelessly wrapt in paper. One end of the parcel had been torn off and the delicate silken fabric had been badly soiled. Of course no merchant would take back such goods, and I must confess I took solid satisfaction in returning the underwear, C. O. D., to my customer. If she had taken pains to send me the goods properly protected she would not have been out that time.

"Women often send to me to order costumes for them. They send what they assure me is their perfect measure, and yet when they receive the gowns I will get pages of gratuitous insult for my pains. Bonnets too. Ye gods! the miles I've tramped to exchange flowers for feathers, and ribbon for velvet bows. I tell you it takes the patience of a Job for my business, to say nothing of the wisdom of Solomon. Then the outlandish commissions I get! Some would make your hair stand on end. What do you say to a coffin-plate? Yes, I've ordered that cheerful ornament. Bird cages, garden seeds, liver pills, false teeth, and bed-bug exterminators have been among the fish that has come to my net," and with a long-drawn sigh the shopper picked up a bustle that was going to Maine, passementerie destined for Texas, some false hair for Kansas, a pink sash and a toy elephant for Iowa, and laden with her trophies passed languidly from the room.

A Close Call.

Dashaway—I was up in my native village the other day when the volunteer fire company's building burned down.

Cleverton—Dear me! Anything saved?

Dashaway—Yes; they succeeded in saving the engine.

Worthy of Imitation.

Miss Trill—I love to hear the birds sing.

Jack Mallet (warmly)—So do I. They never attempt a piece beyond their ability.

When Love is Gone.

For Saturday Night.

I wonder why the sun is not so bright,
Why summer flowers do not smell so sweet,
Why earth and sky no longer seem to meet,
Why Nature's beauties please no more my sight.
Ah, me! It seems my heart must break to-night.

With dreary moan the wild winds wander by,
The rain-drops splash against the window-pane,
I try to still my beating heart in vain;
'Tis torn and tortured with its agony,
And still Love will not, must not hear my cry!

The happiness that once was mine to know,
The bliss that only love can give in life
Is gone! And in its place the ceaseless strife
To hide the misery and bitter woe—
The hopeless anguish that I dare not show.

Love must not know the sorrow he has brought,
For merciless and cold his laugh would ring;
The world would join him, and the two would fling
Their scornful glances and their mockery, fraught
With pain, Love's own idolatry had wrought.

I cannot longer watch the growing night,
The pale moon softly radiant in the blue,
The slowly-dying sunset's regal hue.
My voice would wail in anguish at the sight,
And cruel memories crush me in their might.

And so the dreary days drag slowly by,
The nights no beauty have since Love has flown.
I sit beside the rain-washed pane alone
And softly murmuring Love's last and good-bye,
I pray, since he is dead, I too may die.

LAURIEN DARE.

Getting the Earth.

For Saturday Night.

I asked him might I have her hand.
"You want the earth," said he.
"That's about it," I made reply;
"She's all the world to me."

"I see you have your share of gall;
Are quick at repartee.
What else have you, young man? Come, now,
Straight to the point," said he.

"I've expectations, sir," said I:
"I think well founded too,
Of a vast fortune soon to come,
Else I'd not come to you."

This scored a point I plain could see,
For *pater* never knew
His daughter was the fortune vast,
I solely had in view.

The upshot of it all was this,
As from him I went forth,
I smiled and shook hands with myself,
For I had got the earth.

Long years have passed since then, and yet
As I look back and see
She was and is and always will
Be all the world to me.

J. EMILEY

The Boston Teacher.

For Saturday Night.

She came from the east with her spectacles on,
Dignified, learned, severe,
From the innermost rim of the classical "Hub,"
For once in her life, condescending to rub
Against other pedagogues here.

"Are you an American?" somebody asked;
From the wilds of Chicago was he,
She deftly averted her eyes and her nose,
Then struck an athletic Delsartean pose,
"Mr., I am from Boston," said she.

EMMA PLAYTER SEARCHY.

A Dream of Brave Knights.

For Saturday Night.

The ruined castle, old and gray,
With moss-grown walls where breezes play;
Lifting its ivy-covered head
It stands—a monument of Power.

Long years roll back by magic touch,
A change comes o'er the picture dim,
I wander through the courtyard wide,
And view the guarded portals grim.

I see the knights and courtiers gay,
On daily rounds of duty bent,
"My lady fayre" from lattice wide,
Her greetings to the train has sent.

The chargers prance and shake the rein,
In haste to spurn the daw-decked sward,
The massive gates their frowning jaws
Unfold, then close, the weak to guard.

I watch them fast and faster ride,
Till late o'er takes them one by one,
And History with her weeping pen,
Records their deeds so bravely done.

Now naught remains of all their might,
Save mile of mail with hollow eyes;
The moonlight plays through shattered towers,
And through the halls the gray owl flies.

BERT KELLY.

The Every-day Girl.

For Saturday Night.

We have heard quite enough of the sweet summer girl,
Who, decked in the glories of blazer and shirt,
And light bathing dresses, who proudly confesses
That her mission in life is to dance and to flirt.

Her hunting ground's always the seaside or mountain,
Where, lounging in hammocks or dancing till morn,
She brings all the men of their senses bereft then
To her feet, and points at them the finger of scorn.

Let the poets then sing of the every-day maiden
Who does not away from the city's hot streets;
Who knows not the pleasure and ne'er has the leisure
To try summer flirtation or taste conquest sweet.

But quietly tolls in her neatly-kept kitchen;
Bakes light flakey pies and feathery cake;
And tired fathers bless her, and mothers caress her;
Nor sighs she for mountain, or seaside, or lake.

But thinks she's repaid by the thanks that they give her,
By the tired eyes that glow as her bright face they see,
And we'll all sing her praises in all of her phases,
The every-day girl is the maiden for me.

J. H.

The Opal.

For Saturday Night.

Thou iridescent gem of purest light,
With flaming gold and emerald rays so fair,
What jewelled splendor can with thine compare?
Yet Fancy, to thy changing hues so bright,
Has linked misfortunes wan and white
And legends ancient as the stars declare,
Thy beams the wicked curse with dull despair,
While virtue smiles triumphant in thy sight.
Strange! I who laugh at Superstition's spell,
Should wisdom find where Folly can but sneer!
Alas! my soul with woe must ever dwell,
Its omens, signs and portents ever fear,
So, from the moonlit wave now gleam farewell!
Thy beauty mine, my love might be less dear.

R. A. WINDSOR.

Noted People.

Miss Victorine Jeans of Manchester, England, won this year the Cobden prize of three hundred dollars for the best economic essay.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland is vice-president of the New York Free Kindergarten Association, and is much interested in the education of poor children.

Miss Grace Dodge, the founder of the working women's clubs of New York, is tall and commanding in appearance and has the action of a trained athlete.

Ellen Terry's attack of lung disease has been sufficiently subdued to allow her to return to the stage, and she hopes to escape any permanent throat troubles.

Marie Dietarle, the daughter of the late Emile von Marcke, the cattle painter, follows her father's profession and specialty. She receives good prices for her work.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde is said to be a great contrast her husband. She is very quiet while he is rather loud; she is inclined to be commonplace, while he is brilliant in conversation.

The novelist, Miss Bayley, known to a large public as Edna Lyall, has given $1,250 to the Bradlaugh Liquidation Fund, through Mrs. Bradlaugh Bonner, the daughter of the noted free thinker.

Heinrich Lang, a famous painter of animals and battle scenes, died recently in Munich. He was a staff officer during the Franco-Prussian war, and was actively engaged in scenes which he afterwards portrayed.

Mrs. Alexander Bremer, one of the deputy factory inspectors of New York, knows as much about machinery, elevators, heating, plumbing, ventilating and sanitary improvements as any man on the force.

Frederich H. Bridgman perhaps best known as a painter of Oriental subjects, was among the American artists presented with gold medals at the International Art Exhibition in Berlin. Mr. Bridgman is one of Gerome's pupils.

It is said that Miss Fisher, who was perhaps better known by her pen-name of "Christian Reid," has ceased writing since her marriage to Mr. Tiernan. Mrs. Tiernan's father was that Colonel Fisher after whom Fort Fisher was named.

The name of Casablanca has won another title to renown as being the family name of the artist who has recently completed a successful portrait of Queen Victoria. Miss Casablanca had previously painted a portrait of Lord Salisbury for the Constitutional Club.

Fifty living descendants are now numbered in Queen Victoria's family circle. This includes children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, but does not comprise sons-in-law and daughters-in-law or grandsons-in-law. She has lost a son and a daughter and six grandchildren.

Countess Tolstoi, wife of the author, recently made a successful business trip to St. Petersburg. She secured an audience with the emperor, who was extremely kind to her, and promised to protect her husband from all the annoyances to which the Committee of Censors has been subjecting him.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher's pet "fad" is the keeping of birds, and Java sparrows, cockatoos, canaries, love birds and goldfinches are to be numbered in her collection. They dwell together peacefully in a big cage set in a sunny window, and are surrounded by a choice assortment of flowering plants.

A directory of women's work of Indianapolis shows them holding the positions of pianists, violinists, elocutionists, orators, physicians, artists, evangelists, commercial travelers, wood-carvers, teachers, stenographers, typewriters, bookkeepers and manicures, to say nothing of dressmakers, milliners and storekeepers.

The two most celebrated invalids in France at present are, probably, De Lesseps and Gounod. The former has been a marvel of vigor until recently, but now, at eighty-seven, he lacks the vitality to conquer his illness. Gounod's work has been entirely stopped by the doctors, and he is not even allowed to receive his friends, in the hope that the absolute rest may restore his health.

A lady living near New York city has paid the rent of a large and expensive place entirely by her judicious management of the hot houses. Floriculture would seem to be an occupation especially adapted to women, and there is a great demand for flowers, which is steadily growing in the vicinity of large cities. In some of the English colleges for women floriculture has been added to the curriculum. Why should it not be here?

King Umberto of Italy possesses none of the artistic and musical tastes that are so strongly developed in Queen Margherita. His ear for music is undiscovered, and his dexterity he holds as a weapon over his wife's head to check any little annoyance to which she may subject him. He does not like to have her wear spectacles in his presence, and when she appears with them on, he says, "Margherita, if you don't take off those glasses, I will sing!"

Since the death of her husband, several years ago, Mrs. Frances Woodring has held the office of superintendent of a coal mine at Ashland, Pennsylvania. She employs one hundred and eighty men, and is liked by all of them. At an early hour in the morning she appears at the head of the shaft, and she remains there until the men have all gone to work. She keeps a close supervision over the propping of the mine and the air supply, and is actively benevolent to the wives and families of the miners. Not a single accident has occurred in the mine since she assumed charge of it.

Lady Dufferin, in her notes on India, says: "The Burmese women are great personages and play a great part in their households. They choose their own husbands and divorce them when they like, retaining their own property and all that they have earned; they are at liberty to marry again whether as widows or divorcees. Mr. Barnard told me that when the last census came in he thought the number of women who said they could read and write was small, so he made inquiries, and from all parts of the country young ladies replied that they did not like to say they could read, lest young gentlemen, learning the fact, should write to them.

Lord Mountstephen, the new Canadian peer, lives, while in Montreal, in a large house built of white limestone, and sumptuously furnished throughout. Here members of the royal house of England and other notable visitors have been entertained. Lord Mountstephen is said to have sunk a good deal of money in the Canadian Pacific Railway, of which he was formerly president, but is still a very rich man. When the Queen's Jubilee was celebrated, and in commemoration of that event, he, with Sir Donald Smith, gave a million dollars to build the Royal Victoria Hospital of Montreal. Lord Mountstephen has no son, and but one daughter, the wife of the second son of the late Lord Iddesleigh.

L'Abbe Mouly, a French priest, has recently received the decoration of the Legion of Honor, in recognition of heroic services performed many years ago. He was acting as military chaplain at Guadalupe about the time that Maximilian's tragic campaign came to a close, when a terrible epidemic of yellow fever broke out in the garrison of 400 men. Thirty were many deaths daily and all the doctors and Sisters of Mercy were carried off, leaving the brave priest for three weeks to minister alone to the sick. At that time he was recommended for the Legion of Honor, but the events of 1870 prevented his nomination, and since then the tribute, which should have been promptly paid to the hero, has been delayed for unknown reasons.

Miss Alice Holly, a granddaughter of Mrs. James Barrow, better known as "Aunt Fanny," has entered upon her novitiate as a nun in the Order of St. Dominic, in the monastery of Corpus Christi, at Hants Point. This order is reputed to be extremely strict, the nuns never leaving the cloister while they live. The fasting and other discipline are most severe, and many hours a day must be spent by each nun on her knees in adoration of the sacrament. The habit of the order is a long white gown belted in by a leather girdle, to which is attached a rosary and crucifix. Miss Holly has always had an intuition of a monastic life since her childhood. She is now nineteen, and is said to be very beautiful.

Walter Crane, the artist, who is so well known by his illustrations in children's toy books, although his reputation has not depended alone on work of this character, lives almost in the heart of London. From his garden, filled with old apple, pear and cherry trees, and the old-fashioned flowers which still hold places of honor in English floriculture, he has drawn the inspiration of many of his pictures. A quarter of a century ago Mr. Crane was a boy at work in a London engraving shop and one of his earliest ambitions was to visit the Zoological Gardens to make studies for a book on natural history which his employer was preparing. Now his hands are full and his quick conception and wonderful originality are kept alert by the different classes of work he has to do.

The Turning Point.

Written for Saturday Night by Helen L. Sproule.

"This is a snug little ranche you have here, George," remarked Jack Raymond, shaking the ashes o ff his cigar, and taking a glance round the cozy little apartment, half sitting-room and half library in which they were enjoying a smoke and a chat, "its enough to make a fellow feel like settling down and becoming a benedict himself, and, by Jove, I would it I could find such another woman as that little wife of yours, and had such a cozy nest this to take her to. By the way, how did you come to go into business here? You remember the last time I saw you (just before I went out west) you thought that St. Catharines was the place where your fortune was to be carved out, and that I was to have the benefit of the wisdom that came with your gray hairs!"

"Yes, that's so," answered George Graham, leaning comfortably back in his arm-chair, and thoughtfully watching the stage of smoke as they curled upward from his pipe, "but very soon after you left things took a turn that knocked all my plans endways. Help yourself to another cigar, draw up your chair close to the fire and make yourself as comfortable as you can, and if you like I will tell you all about it:

"Yes, I did think I had about as fair a start in St. Catharines as a reasonable fellow could wish for. We had a fine store and were doing an excellent business, and everything was in my mother's name and when she married Horton—you remember him, a gentlemanly sort of fellow, with some boodle of his own, but a cranky beggar—nothing would do but that he should have a share in the business. Well, for a while everything went on well enough, but I soon began to see that it wasn't going to work. My step-father had no more notion of business than a baby, and commenced plunging the firm into the most reckless investments, which I knew could nothing less than ruin unless they were brought to a sudden stop. I went to my mother and explained how things were going, but she would not listen to a word and declared she had the most perfect confidence in Mr. Horton's judgment and that I was prejudiced against him. Then I talked to Horton, but that was no use and ended in a grand row, and things kept going from bad to worse, till at last I could stand it no longer and made up my mind to strike out for myself and let Horton and the business go to the deuce if they liked. I had been offered a good position in a dry goods house in Toronto a short time before if I cared to accept it, and I thought this was still open to me. So I hadn't the slightest misgiving as to my ability to make a hole for myself. Even if for any reason this 'stt' shouldn't happen to suit me it was preposterous to think that a young man like me, with health, strength, a good education and not lacking in brains and push should find any difficulty worth talking about in making both fame and fortune; at least this was what I told myself, with the unbounded confidence a fellow feels before he has squared up to Fortune a few times and been knocked out in the first round.

"It was about mid-winter in '57 when I came to Toronto, and I made it my first business to present myself at the house of H. H. & Co., but only to be met with the information that there were no vacancies in the house just then, and to be told that the city was crowded with fellows fit for any position and glad to work for eight or ten dollars a month.

"This damped my ardor a little and made me begin to think that perhaps I might not find it such an easy matter to get just the kind of position I required. But when day after day went by and I answered advertisement after advertisement with no better success, when I saw gentlemen of birth and education glad to work at ditching in the street for fifty cents a day, and for only three days a week at that, I commenced to take a different view of the matter.

"You know it was just after the Russian war and the reaction from the high prices and general prosperity had set in. I guess it was the hardest winter we have had in Canada."

"I tell you, Jack, there's nothing takes the heart out of a fellow like it. I never owned to it before, but many a night I lay tossing round and fairly howling with rage to think that I was strong and willing, and that all I asked was work, and that I could not get.

"At last on a certain Saturday night, when I had paid my board, I had only one penny left. I went to church the next morning and put it on the plate, not much in the spirit of the widow with her mite, I'm afraid, but because it wasn't worth keeping. On Monday I started off with empty pockets on the now almost hopeless search for something to do, and wondering if I would have to take to the ditching at last, for I had determined that nothing should induce me to go back home and acknowledge my failure.

"I was wandering aimlessly along King street when some patent pencil sharpeners in a stationer's window caught my attention, and it struck me that if I had some of them they would sell well. I no sooner thought of it than into the shop I walked, and on pricing them found that by taking a few dozen I could purchase them at a figure that would allow me to sell them again at a fair profit. As you know, I hadn't a cent to bless myself with, but I was well dressed, so I pulled off my overcoat, and pointing to a good black coat I had under it, said: 'See here, sir, if you will let me have three dozen of those sharpeners I will leave the coat with you as security until I can sell them.'

"The old fellow eyed me for a second or two and then said, 'Put on your coat, sir, put on your coat, I'll trust to your paying me without that.'

"Well, that was the turning point in my luck. I went out and in less than an hour had sold the whole three dozen. I went back and bought the rest of the man's stock and when I had disposed of them, found that I had cleared just six dollars, and only that there were no more of them to be had in the city I could have made twice as much. This encouraged me greatly, and the next morning in answer to an 'ad.' for a clerk to go out of town I called at a law office on Church street, and whom do you think the advertiser turned out to be? Why, it was old Beatty! He didn't know anything about the changes in our affairs at home, and, of course, never thought of me in connection with his advertisement. He jumped up and shook hands with me very heartily, saying, 'Hello, Graham. I didn't know you were in town! What's the news from St. Catharines?'

"Well, I felt very much inclined to leave without telling him anything about what I had come for, but I thought better of it and told him just how I was situated.

"'Bless my soul! Too bad! Too bad! What would your father have said to this?' blustered the old gentleman, gently concerned at what I had told him. 'We must see what can be done; I have started my nephew in a store in Oakville and he says he wants a clerk, but I am afraid he is making a mess of the business and what he really wants is a manager. If you like we will go out this morning and see what arrangements we can make?'

"Of course, I at once accepted this proposal, and we went to Oakville.

"Jim Crawford, the nephew, was a jolly good fellow, but you can judge of what kind of a business man he was in those days from a conversation which took place between he and his uncle soon after we arrived.

"'Well, Jim, how's business?' asked Mr. Beatty.

"'Oh, not bad, uncle, not much cash coming in but considerable butter and eggs.'

"'Where do you ship your butter and eggs?'

"'Well, it hasn't been necessary to ship any yet, we manage to eat about all we get,' answered Jim with rather a peculiar twinkle in his eye.

"Well, the upstart of it was that I was taken on at a fair salary and I went in for working up the business with all my might, and with such success that at the end of the first year my salary was doubled and at the end of the second I was offered an equal partnership with Jim, and that was the beginning of the flourishing firm of Graham and Crawford.

"My wife is Jim's sister, and when I came to Oakville she kept house for Jim and I boarded with them. It didn't take me long to make up my mind that there was another member of the Crawford family that I wanted to enter into partnership with more than I did with Jim, and by the time the two years were up I had managed to bring Sallie round to my way of thinking, and both bargains were closed about the same time.

"Taking it altogether, Jack, I believe I am one of the happiest fellows in existence to-day, and somehow I have got into the way of thinking that all my good fortune was turned towards me by the point of a lead pencil."

The Decay of the Picturesque.

The decay of the "picturesque" is the loudest lament of our artist. His acutest wail is, perhaps, over its decay in dress. Of course, I use the term "picturesques" in the sense of the beautiful, not in the ramshackle, though that has been put forward as the definition.

The decay of the picturesque dates from the growth of modern security of life and property, and modern sanitation, and much as we regret the rosy side of the "good old days," falsely so called, the romance of the few yields properly enough to the peace and welfare of the many. It is better to be safe than beautiful, and clean than romantic. And one reason for the excessive display in mediæval times was not so very romantic either.

Dress used to be thus gorgeous because people stored their fortunes on their backs, like the Greek peasantry now. They had two good reasons: First, because it was safest; secondly, because dress was a proof of solvency. It was safest because you wore (or, if a lady, your husband wore) a sword within. It was a proof of solvency because a ring, a ribbon or a bit of gold chain was actually current coin, and could be given in exchange for goods or service, or sent as tokens and messages, as Eyjoly, the lawyer, was bribed with a gold ring in the Saga, and as Queen Elizabeth sent her ring to Essex.

It goes without saying that dress rich enough to be an enduring marketable was meant to last no insignificant time, and did so last. Odds of "sleeve" or "tippet" that the lover bound to his helm, or the mother bequeathed to daughter or handmaid, was wondered in pearls, or lined with costly fur, or worked in the family motto, or otherwise an important and recognizable article. It was no cheap crop of stained jute, or cotton made to resemble silk. But the lasting quality, which encouraged beauty in design, had one drawback against which our cheap and expensive dress is a healthy protest. It was unhealthful. How many rich gowns, altered and altered again, have been handed down through the generations and vicissitudes of several generations! How often has contagion been carried by the rich dress of the dead! In those frightful epidemics as the Black Death in the reign of Edward III., to which the Plague of London was child's play, for the Plague was mainly confined to the poor, whilst the Black Death devastated every village in England—in such terrific visitations, did not the plunder of the dying or the bequeathal of the dead help in many cases to decimate family after family? We know now that washing linen and wool does not remove fever-germs; in those days the fur and the broidery of rich heirlooms punished the thief or reunited the orphan to the parent oftener than we know.

Dr. Gasspey, writing of the Black Death in East Anglia, quotes from the local annals the sanguinary village frays over jerkins and cloaks stripped from the corpse! Death upon upon the rapid, almost indecently rapid, remarriages of widows whom the plague had left alone. For instance, one Maidlin brings her three husbands and then dies herself within two short months. Did not her property, which tempted the cupidity of man after man, consist largely of garments, which represented money, but could carry infection? And how do we know that the same fur coat may not have crowned and chilled all four of them, and many more to follow?

Ah! better safety than wealth, and cleanliness than beauty, in more ways than one.

Society in mediæval times may be roughly said to have been divided into only two classes—those who worked and those who warred. The very rich could afford to work, as we understand the word. Their gains both in peace and battle were largely piratical—mere theft. Their function, by rather in inciting others to work and in protecting the work (which meant capital) when done. The arts were nursed by this accumulation of treasures for personal use, furniture and jewelry, of which specimens remain to us as veritable monuments of patience and feeling for beauty; and standing on the man's stove, or wearing the extravagance which, of course, grew out of these singular conditions.

The problem, what to do to protect wealth when one had it, in old times, does not often strike a generation brought up on the banking system. But as late as the seventeenth century Gay's nocturnal mariners were to surreptitiously bury and surreptitiously dig up again his gold, with the assistance of his father, were of the time; and what a business it was to cleanse the pieces and sift the wet earth, and what a "tosse" he was in, and then his misgivings lest the spot should be overheard suspected by his father, in whom he does not appear to have placed much confidence. Chaffers, too, describes the holes of furnaces being used to conceal "scores of pieces of silver and other hiding-places. The not infrequent discovery of buried treasure-chests in divers parts of the country show us the shifts people were put to, and along the lines of old highroads similar buried chests testify that the highway man himself was sometimes reduced to the same shifts.

On the whole, then, in days of constant raids and internecine warfare, wealth was as safe on the person as anywhere. If you only took reasonable precautions and had not excessive scruples. In the present day, jeweled raiment might still be useful to denote position and command service, but it would be dangerous, because arms are no longer commonly borne. And an unseasonable exhibition of wealth on the person—or on the pet dog, after the fashion of the eccentric American lady recently commented on in the newspapers—is "bad form," because it answers no reasonable end, and merely excites cupidity or mirth.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

The Paris Chief of Police Out-Witted.

Some years ago, the contraband trade in Swiss watches was carried to such an extent that the Paris chief of police considered himself called upon to make a great exertion to seek to punish the offenders. With this view, he repaired incog. to Geneva. He than applied to a celebrated dealer in watches to sell him one hundred of the finest quality. When the price was agreed upon, the chief dictated the condition that they must be delivered in Paris, to which the watch-dealer readily assented, upon an additional sum being added for the risk of transportation. The chief gave a feigned name and address, and it was settled that within a month the watches should be in the French capital.

Upon his return the chief gave notice to the French officers on the lines of these facts, and after exciting their vigilance, by everything that was calculated to act upon their fear, their pride or their patriotism, he watched, not without anxiety, the event of his mission. Within the time fixed a stranger called at the street and number which the chief had given—enquired for him by his feigned name, and upon seeing him signified his readiness to deliver the one hundred watches agreeably to contract. This agent was taken into custody, was examined, threatened and cajoled, tried to no purpose; he protested that he was only a *commissionaire* in Paris to deliver the articles in question for a stipulated price.

The chief, mortified and vexed, went back immediately, still *incog.*, to Geneva. He sought out the watch-maker and besought him to disclose the means he had used to convey the watches over the lines; but he was met with only a smile and an evasion. Finding that persuasion had no effect, he tried to force the secret to threats, but with no better success; finally he determined to use that master key which so often unlocks the bosom where secrets are otherwise locked and barred. He agreed to give the watch-dealer ten thousand francs provided he would make a full disclosure, and, moreover, he guaranteed to indemnify him from all the disagreeable consequences which otherwise might have occurred. This bargain agreed upon and consummated by the payment of the money, the watch-dealer began:

"Sir," said he, "when you came to my store disguised like a dealer in watches, I knew you as well as you knew me; indeed, before you called upon me I had information that you were in Geneva, and I was therefore on my guard. When, therefore, you made me stipulate that the one hundred watches should be delivered in Paris, I had no doubt but what you meditated me ill, and I governed myself accordingly. The case was a difficult one. I perceived at once that the watches could not be passed over the lines in the ordinary way; I therefore bribed your own servant, and he passed them over the lines as part of your own baggage, which, on account of your public station, I foresaw would escape examination."

The chief returned to "the great city" wiser than he left it, for he learned that Geneva watch-dealers could use spies and bribes as well as French detectives.

Gypsey Music and Dancing.

It is a music that stirs the listener to the uttermost limits of terrestrial—nay, one must almost say heavenly—enthusiasm. Its exquisite melodies seem to penetrate the very marrow of one's bones, to send a thrill through the entire body, and to raise the soul far above earth. It is heard nowhere save in Hungary, Roumania and the Balkan. The musicians let all their heart go out in the strains of their perfect instruments, and it seems as if it would break were they to cease these floods of enthralling harmony. They play as a lark carols, naturally, passionately, bringing one through all the phases of love, of pain, of rapture, until every nerve tingles. Then, suddenly, with one deep, plaintive chord, as if the strings were breaking in a last, sweet, lingering sigh, they are silent, exhausted by the plentitude of their own power. Nothing can give an idea of the enthusiasm they arouse. I have seen the great Liszt himself listen to them spell-bound, with tears falling down his sunken cheeks. I have seen spoiled children of the world entranced by the matchless melodies of these artists of nature; and one night, in the Banat, when the stars were coming out, one by one, in the clear, violet skies, I saw Prince Louis Esterhazy and a party of his guests, give the Tzigans who had been playing for them, not only the money they had about them, their watches, chains, studs, rings, etc., the women taking the jewels from their fingers and the flowers from the bosoms to fling them at the feet of the dark-eyed musicians. The most remarkable thing about this is that the Zingaris do not know a note of music. They are the interpreters, the nightingales of nature's harmonies. They play by tradition, because music is in their souls and because they cannot help giving utterance thereto. The Hungarian bands who style themselves Tzigans and hire themselves out to play in foreign cities, have nothing in common with the Tzigans of the Puszta. The former are pleasing to hear, well taught and well drilled, but they are only mechanical nightingales, who sing for money, very different from the free, fiery, and untutored artists of the great Magyar plains.

The dancing of the Tzigans in no way resembles the jerky motion which we are wont to consider the acme of terpsichorean art. It is poetical, graceful and dignified, and at the same time coquettish and exquisite where the women are concerned. In fact, these dances, as I saw them on that night, are a mixture of the wild Hungarian czardas, the Hindoo nautch, and the stately minuet of bygone days. The men, in their tight-fitting attilas, with an embroidered dolman hanging from their left shoulder, clattered the long spurs attached to their boots, and the girls moved with that swift grace inherent in their race, making up a beautiful picture as they wound their way in and out of the intricate mazes of this peculiar but charming dance.

As to Thermometers.

The aperture in the tube of a thermometer is smaller than the finest hair. Though it appears to be round, it is not; if it were, the tube would not be easily seen. It is, therefore, made flat, and then the glass magnifies it so that it seems to be quite large. To bring it out still more distinctly, a maker of Boston repute conceived the idea of backed the tube with a thin film of white sizing. This device is now generally adopted by the foreign makers.

Mercury is generally used in thermometers because it is more regular in its contraction and expansion. It is, indeed, impossible to make a spirit thermometer that will be as trustworthy as one in which mercury is used. In a mercurial thermometer the degree marks are all the same distance apart, because its expansion under all conditions is uniform; but in a spirit thermometer the degrees are wider apart at the top, because the expansion increases at a greater ratio after a certain temperature is reached. Though not so trustworthy, spirit thermometers are necessary, as mercury freezes at forty degrees below zero. Spirits of wine is generally used, and is colored red, so that it will be more visible to the eye.

In a correct thermometer, the scale is graduated to the requirements of the tube to which it is fitted, so that every correct thermometer must have a special scale of its own. That is to say, it wouldn't do to put the tube of one thermometer in the frame of another. Of course, in the very cheap grades of thermometers such accurate adjustments are not made, and, therefore, their records are only approximately correct. The best thermometer tube made will cost about five dollars, but a thermometer may be made to cost almost any price, according to the way in which it is mounted.

The Frenchman and the Black.

A Southerner once imported a Frenchman, reputed to be an excellent horticulturist, to teach his negroes the finer arts of farming. Monsieur worked away the whole of the first morning. At twelve o'clock the dinner bell of the plantation rung, summoning all hands to dinner. A half-hour was allowed and, much to the foreigner's surprise, the darkies showed unusual animation in leaving him. One old African, pitying the ignorance that wasted time in work when eating or sleeping in the sun could be done, said "Dat's de time, Massa."

With a shrug and a gesture the Frenchman said, "Je ne vous comprend pas."

"Time for yer to quit, yer nigger."

Another shrug and more gesticulating, denoting non-comprehension.

"Dat feller mus' be deaf," said Uncle Sandy as he yelled now loudly, "Ain't yer gwine git yer food?"

Monsieur only wriggled and shrugged his shoulders more.

"H'm!" said the now disgusted negro as he walked away, "w'en 'e hungry 'e talk."

Two New Jersey Stories.

Here are two stories that New Jersey people will like to read. One deals with a little boy, the other with a little girl; both show that the remarkable virtues of the State of New Jersey are not likely to be lessened as the rising generation gets hold of them. The boy was a small urchin who lived in Paterson, and some malicious person got hold of him one day and said: "Well, Jamie, are there many mosquitoes in Jersey?"

"Oh, about half and half," answered the youngster composedly.

"Half and half what?" pursued the questioner.

"Half air and half mosquitoes," said the youngster quietly.

The little girl was born in Elizabeth, but she has a New York opinion of New Jersey. And so a year ago when the family moved over to New York, Emily was very happy. Very happy, that is, except for Sallie. Sallie is a small colored girl who takes care of the baby and Emily hates her.

Finally, one day she said to her mother: "Mamma, will Sallie go to heaven when she dies?"

"I hope so, Emily," answered the devout woman.

"Well, then, if Sallie's got to go to heaven," began the child, "I hope when I die I'll go to——"

"Emily," broke in her mother, "stop right there! You shan't say such dreadful thing: it's wicked."

"If I can't say 'hell,' I'll say a worse place," said Emily, defiantly, "I hope when I die I'll go to Elizabeth."

THAT DREADFUL NIGHT

By SARAH DOUDNEY

Author of "When We Two Parted," "Under False Colors," "Stepping Stones," Etc., Etc.

Written for Toronto Saturday Night. All Rights Reserved.

It was not until she was near the end of her journey that Elsie King began to feel frightened. At first she had liked the sensation of rushing along through scenery which was entirely new, and it was pleasant to feel that the smoke and fogs of London were left behind. Then, too, she was filled with the importance of her mission to her unknown relative at Broomside, and was busily composing her little speeches and preparing herself for her first meeting with Uncle Mark Thurstone. He was the eldest brother of her mother; but Elsie had never seen him. Mark Thurstone had not borne any goodwill to Captain King, who taken away his pet sister and plunged her into poverty and sorrow. But now that the reckless Captain, having done with the army, was lying miserably ill in London lodgings, Mark's tough heart had begun to show signs of softening. If, thought Elsie, had been as unfortunate as it was possible for man to be; Elsie's letter to "Uncle Mark" was very touching, and Elsie's mother had not broken every tie that bound her to the old farm among the hills. So Mark had written a brief note, enclosing something for pressing needs, and inviting Elsie to pay him a visit at once.

It was not a good time of year for traveling, being late in November; but Elsie had been helping in the sick room, and change of air was desirable. So she had written to Uncle Mark by return of post, and gratefully accepted his invitation.

After her last travelling companion had got out, Elsie had begun to notice that the country was changing. Dusk was coming on; gray hills heaved up against the horizon; gray fields stretched away into vast tracts of moorland. Presently her eyes closed, and when she opened them again the twilight had deepened and darkened; splashes of rain smote the window, and lights were gleaming faintly through mist. The train was slackening speed and running into a station.

Stiff with long sitting and half bewildered with uneasy sleep, she began to tremble from head to foot. The train stopped; a harsh voice shouted "Moor Edge," and in another moment she was out upon the platform. Gathering her faculties, and resolutely pulling herself together, she claimed her small box, and then asked if anyone had come to meet Miss King. Yes; a carriage was waiting outside. The station. Rain, wind, and darkness filled the air nevertheless Elsie dimly discerned a brougham and got into it without the least hesitation. The door was shut and she leaned back in the comfortable conveyance, rather inclined to wonder at Uncle Mark for sending such a vehicle. Her mother had represented him as a plain old fashioned farmer, little disposed to march with the times and priding himself on unpretentiousness. He must, she thought, have forsaken the humble paths of his forefathers at last.

The drive was long enough to allow ample time for reflection. The roads were heavy, the night misty; but once when the lonely traveler ventured to let down the window for a moment the rush of damp air was fresh and sweet. There was nothing to be seen, nothing to be heard but the roll of the carriage wheels; and Elsie was wondering how much longer this monotonous rumble would last, when it suddenly stopped short. A gate was opened by some invisible hand; there was a gleam of cheerful brightness from a lodge window and she thought that she was approaching a house which seemed to be hemmed in by great trees.

Mrs. King had often described the farm at Broomside, and had always spoken of it as standing alone in an open country, where not a tree was to be seen. But it was not easy to recall her descriptions now, at the close of a long day when one was feeling thoroughly tired and rather nervous. Almost mechanically Elsie passed through a low doorway, and found herself in a great dim hall, floored with stone. A dreary man-servant respectfully desired her to follow him, and led the way through a long gallery and twelve large rooms which had a vault like smell, and suggested cheerless ideas of space and solitude.

He stopped at length before a closed door, threw it open, announced in a sepulchral tone—"Miss King,"—and stood aside that she might enter. Her heart sank within her, and her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth, but she thought of the dear ones at home, and went in.

An old man, sitting in a warm glow of firelight, looked up as she approached, and her heart his eyes with his hand. He was so ancient and wrinkled and bent, that Elsie almost started at the sight of him. She was thinking of Uncle Mark as hale and gray in spite of time; but this man had nothing of the farmer in his aspect, and seemed as if he had always been an invalid. Timidly and silently she drew near, and then the claw-like fingers held hers for a moment.

"How do you, my dear," said a grating old voice. "Denzil, come here, what are you hiding for! Here she is. My dear, this is your cousin Denzil."

As if to complete poor Elsie's discomfort and bewilderment, an ill-favored young man stepped out from behind a screen and gave her a sullen greeting. The gray, cheerless room dimly lit by an oil lamp standing on a table in a corner; but the blazing fire revealed the forbidding face and gleaming eyes of this strange cousin. How was it that Elsie had never heard of him before! She had always been told that Uncle Mark was a widower without children. And there was something in Denzil that she did not like—something that made her tremble and shiver. He had pale eyes with an uncanny light in them; his hair was completely bare pale too, and his shoulders were almost as high as his ears. He spoke no word of welcome; his glance seemed to strip her half-concealed hatred; it was plain to Elsie that he did not want her there.

"Eight o'clock; dinner time," said the old man, abruptly breaking a pause. "They'll show you to your room, my dear. Don't be long upstairs, never mind about your trap, I too old to care for it, and Denzil here will like you well enough without it! Eh, Denzil!"

As he touched the bell he gave a cackling laugh which called up a look of fiendish hate to his face. It was a great relief to poor Elsie when a maid appeared to answer the summons and conducted her to her room; but the girl appeared stolid and stupid, and performed her duties as if she had been made of wood. As to the room, it was large and dim, like all the apartments in that rambling old house, and the four post bed was draped with hangings wrought with faded needlework. Altogether the place was very unlike any furnished room thought the nervous guest, as she took off hat and ulster and smoothed her hair with shaky fingers. How had Uncle Mark managed to accumulate such an extraordinary number of antique portraits? Every available bit of panelled wall was covered with a lady in a ruff or a gentleman in a coat of mail.

Still in hopeless bewilderment, she found herself seated at a table with these strange relations of hers. Four wax candles in splendid old silver candlesticks lighted up the board, and showed her the unprepossessing faces of her uncle and his son. They both looked at her, the old man scanningly and the young one furtively; and once or twice she fancied that the dreary butler regarded her with a puzzled air. What she ate and drank she scarcely knew; her spirit was so oppressed by the cold stateliness and gloom of her surroundings that she felt like one in a dream.

"You are not in the least like your mother," said the old man at last. "I wonder how you came by your dark hair and eyes! Your parents were both fair."

Elsie gave a little start. Certainly Uncle Mark's memory had failed him, for she was as like her mother as it is possible for a daughter to be. Then, too, Captain King was not a fair man.

"Mamma has changed a good deal lately," she ventured to say timidly. But everyone says I am like her."

"Nonsense!" The old gentleman was testy. "I knew your mother before you did. Her eyes were as blue as a turquoise. A very pretty girl she was, too;—the world has never yet been able to decide between dark and fair beauties. Of you it may be said in truth—

"And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes."

You don't read Byron, I suppose? I am an old man, and so I may be allowed to quote him still. He is not quite the general favorite as yet Tennyson and Browning and Morris; but he knows how to describe a landscape and a lovely woman. Now I confess I don't care for the women of your newer poets; they are either too saintly or too fleshly. And the new novelists! Is the world really as lovely as they depict it? Those stately moralists and courtly sinners whom Bulwer Lytton loved to delineate—are none of them left?"

Elsie was wondering from her earliest childhood she had heard that Uncle Mark was guiltless of any knowledge of literature; but this was not the talk of a man who never read anything but the Bible and agricultural journals. No doubt he thought her very stupid, for he, too, became silent. As to Denzil, he never opened his lips, but sat at the foot of the table looking as black as a thunder cloud.

"We keep early hours here," said the master of the house, when dinner had been over a reverie. "My dear, it is half-past nine, and that is my time for retiring. You are pale and tired after your journey, but I hope you intend that your mother let you travel alone. Why didn't you bring a maid? Breakfast at nine. Good night."

"Good night, uncle," responded Elsie, thankful to escape even to the gloomy bedroom upstairs. She wanted to be alone, and to write a letter to her mother at once. Surely

Babette.

Since the mother died in the Autumn, worn out with misery and sorrow, Babette had lived in a little thatch-covered hut on the banks of the Rhone, just out of Castellet. Her father, an old charcoal burner who seldom worked, shared the one room with her, and often she was compelled to run to the neighbors for refuge to escape from his drunken blows. Babette was a poor little hunchback, whom everybody loved for her great sorrowful blue eyes and worn white face. She was busy everywhere, ever she could, washing clothes by the river, gathering olives for the farmers, caring for the villagers' children on market days.

She saved penny by penny, a hoard for the winter, though it was hard to keep any money from her father, who idled his time away in the evil tavern by the river's brim.

She might have married for all her deformity had she cared. But the child was brave, she was valiant in her love for her father, who would have starved but for her, and she never spoke ill of him.

He often beat her when he found the drawer empty, and next morning the poor little hunchback would explain that she had fallen coming home when they asked her the reason for the marks on her forehead. When harvest came it was easy to find work. It was miles away, but she faithfully returned home every night to her brutal father to look after his wants. She did not fear to go along the silent road through the forest with the shadows for company.

The harvest was abundant that year and rich with promise and many strong arms were needed to gather the golden sheaves.

From the Alpines beyond the harvesters came down with their scythes on their shoulders, a gourd at their belts. And as the extreme heat made the farmers fear a sudden storm that would sweep away the golden seas of grain, they hastened to Aries and hired the soldiers, who came in their red pantaloons and flaming caps and stirred the quiet meadows with their gay songs and boisterous laughter.

And at two o'clock, after everybody had dined and the pipes were lighted, they had each a story of the garrison to tell—while the girls leaned their brown faces nearer and listened with glistening eyes.

One soldier, tall and strong as a Normandy work horse, with a long blond mustache, was the centre of admiration.

He was a Lyonnaise, a veritable Don Juan of the barracks, who had many stories to tell of past conquests that made the harvesters stare with their naive, open eyes.

And Babette in her corner alone listened while the blond giant told his stories, resuming in her heart every word he said, and when she passed by him she turned all red like a poppy in the wheat, and as she walked home the big soldier with his great mustache filled all her thoughts.

Poor Babette! She dreamed. She would soon be seventeen—the age when girls are ripening, that the swallows in pairs were making their homes in the white pigeon boxes, and that more than one of the girls was crooked by her side were the glass ring of betrothal. She dreamed, and bowing her head thought of what she was—and bitter tears filled her eyes.

Babette was happy. Her eyes had been burned with a light they had never known before. It seemed to her that she had never really lived until now. She forgot everything the past, the drunken father who had beaten her the night before because she had no money to give him. Forgot everything. In a corner where she knew no one would see her she drew from her bosom a little bunch of poppies and blue flowers, which she carried softly with closed eyes to her lips.

In the morning at ten o'clock in going to mass she had found herself behind all others and at the big soldier Moreau at her side.

"Mademoiselle," he murmured gently, pulling at his yellow mustache.

Babette paused, half in affright. Mademoiselle! could he be speaking to her? to her, the hunchback, the pauper! And laying her hand on her heart she felt mount within her like an unknown happiness, a joy, such as she had never felt.

"Mademoiselle," he continued, "will you accept from me this bunch of flowers?" and he handed her the bouquet. He was at her side now—close to her little hand trembled in his.

"Oh, Mons. Mereau!" was all she could murmur.

As in a dream her fingers closed over the flowers, then with a startled look in her face she ran to join her companions, hiding the bouquet in the folds of the fichu that covered her bosom.

And when they were changing their clothes to enter the fields the soldier pressed her hand as she passed. Babette was glad. In the morning when she rose before going to mass, she combed her soft brown hair a long while before the broken bit of mirror nailed on the wall.

In the evening, when the sun was turning over in his rosy bed to go to sleep, as soon as she had left the white farmhouse behind, she saw the soldier in his red pantaloons crossing the fields with giant strides. All the blood in her body seemed to be surging into her heart, and she trembled when he took her hand, repeating the trite words of love he had learned with his regiment, as he drew her toward him under the shadow of the tamarinds.

His words filled her with delightful dizziness, as she felt his warm breath upon her hands. Languidly she let her head sink on his shoulder, joining her hands together as if lost in some lovely dream, and he, pressing his lips to hers, murmured:

"Do you love me?"

"Yes," like a sigh, closing her eyes.

It was the same old story over again, following the same sad progress to the ultimate melancholy end. The harvest over, the handsome soldier went away promising poor, sorrowing Babette that he would not forget her.

So she dried her eyes and went back to her old life with its daily miseries and tears. The days passed and she heard no news of the man who had gone away. And in the evening, when she was alone in her room, she took the faded flowers out of her bosom and thought dreamily if it were true that people lived in the world who forgot their promises, and doubt entered her heart.

But still she hoped on. She confided in no one, trembling lest her secret should be discovered. If she wept, it was alone, shut in at night. Her father had surprised her one day when he came in from the tavern; had stared at her with watery eyes and given her a push.

"Here's a lazy hussy," he would cry, "who ought to be in bed asleep."

And the poor little hunchback without complaining would choke down her sob and crawl into bed without saying a word. Behind the curtain that divided the room she knelt upon the straw and drew from her breast the little medals of St. Mary, pressing them to her lips.

"Mama," she murmured, "you who are near to the good God. Do not forget poor Babette."

One day the little cripple formed a resolution. She would go to the town. The father would beat her perhaps when she returned but what of that, was she not used to it?

In the dawn of morning, while the old man slept, she dressed herself in haste and put on her big brown cloak to hide her rags. Then she crept noiselessly out of the house and into the highway.

The road was long, she grew weary; but was she not on her way to the one she loved, the one being who had spoken to her of love, who had given her one fleeting glimpse of the heaven of happiness. She strode on courageously and it was midday when she saw in the distance beyond the blue Rhone the white belfries of the town. She soon reached the first outlying houses with red-tiled roofs. But whom was she to address? Who would tell her how to find the one she sought? What did she know about him? Nothing. Still she wandered on through the winding, narrow streets in the vain hope of meeting him, with her head bowed on her breast, her face all rosy with shame, as if she thought the people must know her mission.

Suddenly she recalled that one day when she was a child she visited the town with her mother. They had passed through an alley bordered with tall trees—and had paused before a great gilt fence in front of a building with innumerable windows. There was music in the air, and the soldiers in their red pantaloons coming and going.

So she waited and walked through every alley where the moss covered walls shut out the sun, past the white cemetery, where she paused to make the sign of the cross.

But she remembered the place now. There stood the great chestnut trees, and beyond, under an old gray bridge, the waters of the river flowed softly. There stood the tall building and the gilded gate where she had seen the soldiers coming and going.

A soldier with his musket on his shoulder paced up and down before the entrance. Behind him on a wooden bench a group of others were playing cards in the sun. A big white dog with his eyes half closed dozed at their feet.

Babette recoiled. She was afraid. All her courage abandoned her. She reddened, trembled, felt the warm tears fill her eyes.

She drew near the gate with a feeling of shame as looking through the bars. One of the soldiers saw her and nudged his companion. They laughed noisily together.

The sergeant stepped back confused, when the sergeant, an old fellow with gray whiskers and a red nose, advanced and asked her what she wanted.

She was speechless.

"Come now, whom do you want to see!" he repeated.

The other soldiers drew near from curiosity. The Babette in a trembling voice murmured:

"Pardon me, Mr. Soldier."

"Sergeant," he replied, twirling his mustache. "Sergeant, my dear, and ready to serve you. Come, don't tremble like that," more gently. "Don't be afraid. Tell me—do you seek some one?"

"Oh," bowing her head, while her heart was beating so hard that the words were faint.

"Yes."

"Who then?"

"Monsieur Moreau," struggling with her voice.

"Moreau, Moreau?" thoughtfully. "Wait a moment—Moreau? A big blond—yes, it must be the same—what! still another!" he exclaimed. "Ah, the rascal!"

Babette did not understand, but it seemed as if an icy hand was clutching her heart—she raised her head and turned her anxious eyes upon the old sergeant.

"And where is he" folding her hands.

"Oh, far away, if he has been walking all this time," with a laugh. "He has been gone a month. He has served his time and has gone home, over there far away beyond Lyons.

Babette did not move. Her hands fell limp at her side—she was very pale, her heart had ceased to beat.

"Oh," she murmured, turning her sad eyes toward the sky. Then, seeing that the soldiers were eyeing her curiously, "Thank you," she whispered, and hastened away, anxious to be alone. Then, when she was out of sight of the barracks and sure no one saw her, she sank down on a bench, her face pitifully white, her eyes fixed and dry. It seemed to her as if something had broken in her breast and that she was about to die; and she thought it would be good to die, because there, under the ground, one forgot and was at rest.

She rose and walked on. She passed the cemetery, the gray ramparts and left the town. She must hurry home to her father with her bread lest surely to-day and to-morrow and the next.

Before her flowed the river, silently, gently. The water gave her a feeling of delicious repose. Babette stroke on, and now she cried, the merciful tears flowed at last. She had no word or thought of reproach for the man who had deceived her into loving him, then coolly like abandoned her. It was through him she had known the supreme joy of loving and being loved. He alone had spoken to her as she had heard other men speak to women. Did he lie? She would not think so. She had believed. But it was a dream that had passed, a short, sweet dream with a terrible awakening—but the dream was so lovely, so good, so happy! What was she to hope for now? The waters reflected her face, she smiled sadly. Who was she? A poor little hunchback who was tolerated through charity, a burden to others, whom no one cared to love.

The day declined. Beyond, the last houses of Arles had disappeared. She was alone now in the white and silent road.

She was very tired and sad. She saw before her that the great trees were beginning to yellow. Soon the leaves would begin to fall, the swallows would take their way beyond the sea to find the sun and flowers. Empty nests would swing in the branches, the meadows be in mourning.

Why could she not go away, too? She had nothing to hope for. Her summer of happiness over, its beauties fled like the swallows—but the birds would flowers would come back, her love dream, never.

She recalled again everything that had passed. The words he had spoken underneath the boughs in the silence of the night, when the stars seemed burning alone for her in the sky. The parting with tender promises and then the disillusion, the end of her dream, the despair of it all! She was going home to be beaten again, to be mocked by the other girls. Then gently she knelt down by the roadside. She made the sign of the cross, casting a look where the towers of the town pointed like warning fingers to the sky. She walked down to the rim of the waters. There she drew from her breast a bunch of faded flowers and pressed them to her lips, closing her eyes and murmured softly without an accent of reproach:

"Oh, Moreau!"

The waters blubbed for a moment, then closed over her. The river resumed its tranquil course and the waves beat softly against the shores as if to rock the poor little body who had found sleep and forgetfulness in the blue deeps. And the rushes stirred by the night wind seemed saying:

"Sleep, Babette! Rest, tired heart. There is peace beyond!"—*Ernest DeLancey Pearson.*

Truly an Impossibility.

It is impossible to say too much in favor of the astonishing efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in relieving people of rheumatism.—*Christian World*, London, Eng.

The Spinning Wheel Again.

The old fashion of spinning has been revived as a parlor pastime in London. Not quite the old fashion of spinning either, for that was a domestic and useful thing, and the modern performance is a dilettante affectation. But all London is being scoured for these adjuncts to the tableaux vivants just now, and the fashionable young woman sits at her wheel and looks picturesque with a devoted swain somewhere in the background to make the illusion complete. The manipulation of the wheel will give her an excellent opportunity for the display of a round, plump arm and a well-poised, graceful figure. But to spinning—that isn't what the wheel is for.

We Will Tell You How to Save a Few Dollars Travelling to New York

You have a beautiful sail across the lake by the staunch steamer Empress of India, which leaves Geddes' wharf at 3.40 p.m. daily, except Sundays, connecting with the Erie Railway solid train from Port Dalhousie, costing only $9.40; Toronto to New York, round trip, $18.25.

You can also leave via Grand Trunk at 1.10 p.m., 4.55 p.m. and 11 p.m. On the 4.55 p.m. train the Erie run a handsome vestibule Pullman sleeper, Toronto to New York. Dining cars attached to all trains for meals. For tickets and full information apply to agents Empress of India and Grand Trunk, S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington street East, Toronto.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon *must* accompany every graphological study sent in after August 15. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Questions on scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

POSERIE.—Question too vague and impossible to answer, as you will see when you take the trouble to think a moment. I don't think I would sign myself "Yours lovingly," again to a strange man, if I were you. It startles him so. You and Daisy and Tory, who all came in one envelope, please read rules.

BEATRICE IRENE.—Writing shows good suitability, rather an independent mind, good imagination, energy and power of commendation. You are not unusually selfish. Most people are a little that way, but you are probably hard to please, because you are slightly capricious, a little impatient, very undecided and rather exacting.

GEO. BOWN.—A hopeful, bright and amiable nature, some originality and a quaint turn for fun and humor, sufficient decision, good energy, decided perinacity and independence, rather inclined to be impulsive, but not without control. You always act on your intuition and are nearly always correct, have good taste and are probably much liked and respected.

ELLA H.—1. From 810 to 875. 2 Your name means "Pearl of truth." Zelia is a pet name for Zelima or Ellen or Ella. 4. Scrape the center of the nail as thin as you can without touching the quick, pare it square across, and after making a long time in water carefully polish a small scrap of French batting under the point that troubles you. Is your hand formed yet? I hardly think so.

DIONIA.—Writing shows perception, some imagination, good judgment, caution, love of detail, conscientiousness, rather a love of a joke, but not original humor, considerable energy and temperament, capable of doing feeling, but not apt to express it vokubly. Rather chary of any direct expression, either disciplined or undisciplined. It is a very pleasing but not very sympathetic chirography.

ALFRADICA.—Writing shows ideality, amiability and sincerity, perhaps rather a tender nature, and a bit of it love for No. 1, which is hardly pronounced enough to call it self-ishness. You are strong and independent in thought and probably also original, though such is not a trinity indicated, have also a love of music, though I don't think you are an musical or sentimental. The "convenient moment" was just when your turn came, Alfredica.

ERIN-GO-BRAGH.—Writing shows strong vital ty, energy and good humor, optimism, determination, rather temper, love of fun and some social success. Its faults are a tendency to unconsidered speech or action and a want of sympathy and perception. With the most amiable intentions you might wound your friends as much as if they were your enemies. Your writing shows the effect of your little shortcomings would merit the Browning treatment.

ENTER-NOT.—1. Depends on what you have for supper. Sandwiches and anything of that sort necessitate removing the gloves. If you don't wish to do so, choose something that doesn't require handling. 2 Keep them on while playing cards. 3. Depends on the quality. If it is bad enough a coil of fine braids is neat and usually becoming. If short or scanty it might hang loose, but a fringe made by fashionable society is my pet horror. 4. Writing is not formed enough for delineation.

MOGANO.—Writing shows good reasoning powers and independent thought, writer is original and has good sense of humor, is self-willed and frank in expression of opinions, and strong in those differed with. You are persistent and apt to persevere to success, though sometimes surely tried in patience and courage, has ambition and enjoys the need of praise, not apt to be self assertive, but has sufficient determination, and would probably be more affectionate and of better temper if more of a blonde and less brunette.

DOROTHY.—1. I do not know, have heard him well spoken of and hardly criticised. 2. Your writing shows tenacity of purpose, not great intuitive perception, good temper, keen criticism, sometimes rather unjust. You never gush over anyone or have enthusiasms, or go from one to another as fads. You are strongly conservative, like old things and associations and are rather fond of your own way. I don't think you shine socially, nor make many friends quickly. Your writing is both pleasing and refined, while endued with quite enough force.

BEGINNER.—Your writing shows several qualities which are the making of the good nurse—patience, gentleness, amiabl ity, perseverance, tact, sympathy and love. You are quiet and cautious, but not mistrustful, and it will be quite safe in days to come to trust you with a patient whom you love. You will largely depend on intuition and humoring, and I am sure if you have the energy and pluck to go through the arduous apprenticeship you will do well. That's your weak point, lack of snap! but you are a lovely for persistence endurance.

MARY MERCERA.—You have evidently (not real rules at hand of others. From the three lines accompanying your poetry I will do what I can for you, though you try my patience by ordering me to do it in the future. Don't you think, *Madame la dansuse*, that you are my only correspondent. Great, sweeping generalizations show great conceit, and of the method and method, rather a reserved and parsimonious tendency, conscientious desire to do and think rightly, decided temperament, probably love of study. I could better for you with a fuller study.

QUEEN, St Catharines.—Writing shows singular lack of beauty and taste. It is really more like an exercise of pothooks and hangers than a legible hand. I should judge you to be affected and unnatural in your ways and to exaggerate your own importance (not necessarily in a disagreeable manner), lacking imagination and delicacy of perception, rather selfishly inclined and not over sympathetic to other's feelings. You may be goodnatured, so long as you have your own way, but I should think you would be stiff in affection, and rather to please. It is difficult to give a delineation of your writing.

ENTER-LOSE.—Writing shows strong individuality and self-esteem, impulsive judgment and self-assertion, exaggerated ideas and rather an exacting disposition. All these are powerful characteristics and weaken if left alone. Take warning, fair lady, and put the brake on! I have no wish to hurt your feelings or anyone else over the cousin into tropical warmth. You are very earnest and persevering, with strong sense of humor, and rather a wicked enjoyment of jokes. Sometimes you sometimes hurt your friends unless others you may slip yourself. When I was a little child, very many years ago, I thought did not spell your nom de plume as you have spelled it!

AGOIN NO. 1.—1. Pimples on the face come from various causes, and I could give advice you if I knew the disease and long course of treatment to get rid of them, and even then a slight derangement often brings a fresh crop. You must be diligently careful to health, habits and diet, and see if you can't find out where a change should be made. 2 Your writing shows good temper and a good appreciation, an affectionate nature and enough energy and perseverance. You are not very cheerful, nor do you laugh as heartily as would be good for you. Go on sending your letter I find the inside of the pages filled with scraps for delineation. Please read rules.

DAUGHTER OF EVE.—1. Writing shows even temper and some kindness, animation and a little mannerism, a slight touch of egotism, some sympathy, rather a sharp and quick perception, sense of humor and love of society, rather persevering when you think it worth while, apt to be indifferent otherwise, and to be not sufficiently exact when you but this one dated in June. 2 Enclosure shows great energy, impulse, strong feeling and decided mannerism, writer is very energetic, tenacious and self-willed, and probably original and rather clever, but of a lovable disposition. The person is should sure to be popular, has some imagination, but untrained and apt to exaggerate.

LADY JUDY C.—Writing shows unusual pertinacity and determination. Do you want anything done? Ask that you get it. This quality is not good when unbalanced by generosity and sympathy, for it then means an unlovely selfishness. It is a well to tell you that you may with advantage cultivate the two graces mentioned. You have a tendency to harshness in judgment, and rather a sharp temper, but good sense is generally at the bottom of it. You are not of a hopeful or merry nature, rather deliberate and prone to think before you act. Your mind has been shown, but great order and attention to detail. Habit is strong with you and you dislike erratic departure from the beaten track.

CHERIE.—1. Cannot answer you until your turn comes. 2. Cream and tea, with a bound of color, don't wear gray with your complexion. 3. I don't really care whether you are offended by my answer. I don't make your writing and I say if you are going to be offended you should either improve your writing or not invite criticism. 4 Writing shows a variable temper, rather a doubting and desponding temperament, a sharp judgment, and disposition to criticise others, but to these you care for a blind generosity and warmth. Rather a little vanity and selfishness, and careless, forgetful and impatient, with lack of intuition and little general sympathy. Affectionate and fond of company, and fond of art, music and musical taste, and have a good share of brains 5 Do not know who is the author of An Ode to Nonsense. Perhaps some reader could enlighten you and me?

BARBARA HEATHCOTE.—1. Lady Gay desires her best thanks to you for your pleasant remarks. She is very much delighted with a sympathetic soul. I do not at all wonder at your taking an interest in the department you mention; the proper study of mankind is man, and that includes woman. 2 Your writing shows some imaginativ, great sense of humor, a fine reaching sympathy, and need of affection and appreciation. You have originality and are active and can look on both sides of things, have good cultivation and capability for more, like to be praised and would do much with a little encouragement. I have so far given rather a high impression of you, I see, but it was unintentional, you have the iron hand under the velvet glove, and will be manfully decided and determined if need be. I am much attracted by your very refined and finished chirography.

TANTAR.—I am not at all mildly, my dear Rum, but the day's work must be done—I must do it, and I take it generally good-naturedly. So sorry I could not get your answer out sooner, but I have to take matters in their turn unless some pressing question comes, outside the invariable rule for delineation. Your writing shows strong impulse, good energy, rather an erratic will (how many ways can you cross your t?), a frank and sociable nature, a liking for your own way, and all other things that are yours. I am glad you decided not to id me, for a scolding from Tantar would scare me to death You are persevering and sensible, and though you say you don't mind being hardly dealt with, your chirography says the opposite. For enclosure I must refer you to rules. I cannot express to you my contrition for the mischief I so unintentionally did in your friendly delineation. How I laughed at your remark!

TANGLEWOOD.—I don't think you will easily find a situation as housekeeper, though if you are not wanting the earth and the solar system besides, you might get a very comfortable situation as upper housemaid if you would be content to do what you profess to be best at, that you have a fairly good education need not stand in the way of your dusting china, waiting at table, making beds and mending linen. I am quite sure that a little girl as pretty-four are apt to become discontented at home in small towns where they have a quiet life and the excitement of other people's work for recreation. Your desire to get out i.t the world is as natural as breathing, and if you can accept such good beginnings and have no concessions above your own, you can pass a sufficiently pleasant winter in Toronto. This is not a very large world, but will be sufficient to satisfy your budding ambitions. On reading over your letter I have my doubts if you are sufficiently strong to undertake the honorable position of service, but if you are let me hear from you again. 2 Your writing shows good nature, considerable imagination, some mirth, good judgment, sufficient p rsevverance. You are sympathetic, observant, rather conversational, neither unduly hopeful nor despondent, and have probably set out wrecks of romance, and more happy and contented wives and husbands. You write as if this were the only "chance" as you call it, that you expected. The phrase "there is lots of time," "a great plenty" of men who will want to marry in the next ten years, and "there will be plenty more chances" when you will be better able to rate them at their proper worth than now. You make me cross by your idea of seizing on the first offer as if your whole character is all at sea. Brace up and hold yourself a little dearer, Brampton girl! 3. Your writing shows imagination and some organization, self-esteem, great, good humor, rather an effusive and cavalier manner, love of fun, a little affection, but in the thoughtful and true. I do not think you are very orderly or systematic. and I think you will make a better study fire years hence than now. Your power and energy in your writing, but it lacks training and control.

BETSEY.—I am surprised at you! Don't you ever read my repeated notices that letters are delayed in their turn. If you had cultivated your powers of perception in those young days you tell me of, dear dame, you'd know better than to ask the pretty question "What character is all we do" I think I have a second letter from you in my "August box." This present study comes out of the June box, and is just taking its turn like more credulous folk. I quite agree with you that had your copies and training been better your writing would have been improved upon by them to a greater extent, but the naive confession which you make that you used to imitate and improve on copy gives your own original and unfinanced chirography a much greater interest. I can assure you it does your great credit, and I hope you will do so still that it Good perseverance and decided energy, a tendency to far sightedness and thrift a love of order and system, an extremely just mind, rather hard in its judgment and unyielding in its opinions. You would never indulge in emotion or extravagant expressions, and I think you are a moderate despondent nor very hopeful, but go on the even tenor of your way. Sometimes I think you grumble a little, but you can on occasion bear pain or trouble bravely. You have a good memory, care for little details, and while you are clever enough to manage a man or woman and admire, you would fain be even more. I have found this delineation from the third page of your letter, and hope you believe quite sincere in my admiration of it. It is m very opposite.

INDISPENSIBLE.—One spoonful of Persian Lotion used with the water when washing every morning is indispensible if you wish to retain your youthful complexion. It will clear and whitenack the skin and render it more difficult to return to its natural gloss if you neglect this precaution.

Little, but Oh! My!

One of Lord Carmarthen's future constituents once asked the youthful candidate his opinion upon some obtruse question of which he knew nothing. "Let Hobbes alone, sir," he determined to have an answer. "I think," said Lord Carmarthen, with ready wit, "that it is high time for all Hobbes to be let alone." The saying was gathered up in the papers and disappeared from the platform. Again—and this last anecdote is so well-known as to have become well-worn—Lord Carmarthen at a meeting just before his election, he was interrupted by the question: "Does your mother know you're out?" Lord Carmarthen, with the instant retort, "and by Tuesday night she will know I'm in." His prophecy proved correct and he headed the poll by a large majority.

St JACOBS OIL
Cures
Promptly and Permanently
RHEUMATISM,
Lumbago, Headache, Toothache,
NEURALGIA,
Sore Throat, Swellings, Frost-bites,
SCIATICA,
Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.
Canadian Depot, 44 and 46 Lombard St., Toronto, Ont

DIAMOND VERA-CURA
FOR
DYSPEPSIA
AND ALL
Stomach Troubles,
INDIGESTION,
Nausea, Sour Stomach, Giddiness, Heartburn, Constipation, Fullness, Food Rising, Disagreeable Taste, Nervousness.
At Druggists and Dealers, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. (5 boxes $1.00) in stamps
Canadian Depot, 44 and 46 Lombard St., Toronto, Ont

Mar 16 - 110
Mar 18 - 112
Mar 19 - 114
Mar 22 - 116
GAIN ONE POUND A Day.
A GAIN OF A POUND A DAY IN THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME "ALL RUN DOWN," AND HAS BEGUN TO TAKE THAT REMARKABLE FLESH PRODUCER,
SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda
IS NOTHING UNUSUAL. THIS FEAT HAS BEEN PERFORMED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. PALATABLE AS MILK. ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS PUT UP ONLY IN SALMON COLOR WRAPPERS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 50C. AND $1.00
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

Wabash Line.
The banner route. Only 14 hours Toronto to Chicago, 24 hours to St. Louis, 35 hours to Kansas City. Quickest and best route from Canada to the west. The only line running the Palace Reclining Chair Cars (seats free) from Detroit. Finest sleeping and chair cars on earth. Ask your nearest ticket agent for tickets and time tables via this line. J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, 28 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

His Sarcasm.
Middle-aged spinster (as the tramp comes in at the gate)—What do you want here, anything to eat?
Tramp—What else should I want, madam? Did you think I came to offer a proposal of marriage!

Sarah Bernhardt as Jeanne d'Arc.

THE DIVINE SARAH
WRITES A LETTER.
DEAR MADAM,—The Recamier Preparations are the perfection of toilet articles. Please send me without fail, to-morrow, two dozen assorted for immediate use.
SARAH BERNHARDT.
To Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer.
RECAMIER CREAM is used daily by every fashionable woman and prominent actress all over the world. It is the only known preparation whose merits are attested to by physicians. It will preserve your youth, remove all blemishes, and not only make but keep your face smooth and fair.
Price $1.50 per Jar
If your druggist does not keep the Recamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from either of the Canadian offices of the Recamier Manufacturing Company, 374 and 376 St. Paul street, Montreal, and 50 Wellington street East, Toronto. For sale in Canada at our regular New York prices.

AMERICAN FAIR
334 Yonge Street, Toronto
We Opened on the 1st day of August 5,000 books, the best works of nearly all the great writers that ever lived. Paper covers, 25c. to 35c. books for 10c., or 3 for 25c; 12 mo. in best cloth binding, 15c., publisher's price, $1 25; 12 mo in ordinary binding, 18c. No such value or complete assortment of books were ever seen in Toronto before.
Hammocks in great variety, at wholesale prices; 45c. each up to $1.85. Baskets in great variety, 55. up Covered baskets, 75c. up, only about half usual prices. Many are taking advantage of our sale of the 3 000 albums, worth 40c. each up to $10 each. We are offering them from 10c. up to 49, one-quarter to one-half usual prices. Our "August Sale" will show you how to get goods at only a part of usual prices. Very fashionable—Rubber self-wringing mops, 84c; Royal Canadian clothes wringer, $2 85, worth $4; plus 1c. per paper; Nonesuch stove polish, 9c.; fad irons, 3lb per lb.; Mrs. Potter irons, 92c.; best glass fly traps, 19c., worth 40c.—these are just the thing, neat and effective; best mixed birdseed, with cuttle bone in each lb., 7c., worth 12c.; pocket and table cutlery, Rodgers and other good makers, at popular prices; excellent table knives at 15c. per pair; a fairly good white, full 6 feet long, for 10c., worth 25c.; an excellent waterproof, 4 ply whip for 14c.; a good blacksnake, guaranteed, 25c., worth 75c. No such great stock of fine goods was ever offered in Toronto before, and the special prices we are making ought to leave no doubt.
W. H. BENTLEY.

I CURE FITS!
When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason I do not succeed. Send at once for a free bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office address.
H. G. ROOT, M.C., 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

LEADING STORES IN TORONTO
And in Large Cities Throughout the Dominion
WE RECOMMEND
P. N.
CORSETS
ASK FOR THEM. FOR SALE AT ALL
DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

Incorporated 1886 TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN President.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

FIFTH YEAR

FALL TERM OPENS SEPTEMBER 1

Artists and Teachers graduating courses in ALL BRANCHES of Music. UNIVERSITY AFFILIATION. Scholarships, Diplomas, Certificates, Medals, &c.

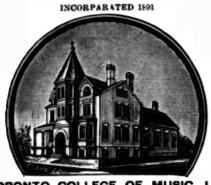
School of Elocution and Oratory

Comprising one and two year courses, under the direction of Mr. S. H. CLARK, a special feature. (Special Calendar issued for this department.)

100 Page Conservatory Calendar sent free to any address. EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director, Cor. Yonge Street and Wilton Avenue.

Mention this paper.

INCORPORATED 1891



TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC, Ltd.

In affiliation with the University of Toronto.

GEORGE GOODERHAM, Esq. - - - President

Musical education in all its branches. FALL TERM begins on Thursday, Sept. 5. Intending pupils will do well to register as early as possible. Information and calendar sent upon application to the University Director.

F. H. TORRINGTON, 12 and 14 Pembroke St.

W. O. FORSYTH Studied the Piano with the great German teachers—Krause, Rutbardt and Zwintcher; theory with S. Jadassohn, Scbroch, Richard Hofmann (of Leipsic) and Dr. Paul Kieugel of Stuttgart. Teaches but two subjects—piano playing and theory. Every care given to piano pupils, both professional and amateur, and the most approved methods taught in developing a perfect technique, interpretation and style. Toronto College of Music or 112 College Street.

S. H. CLARK

School of Elocution & Oratory

(Open for Concert engagements and evenings of Readings.)

PRIVATE PUPILS IN ELOCUTION

532 Church Street - - - Toronto

MR. J. W. F. HARRISON

Organist and Choirmaster of St. Simon's Church and Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.

Organ, Piano and Harmony

94 Gloucester Street

MR. W. E. FAIRCLOUGH

Fellow of the College of Organists, London, Eng., and Organist and Choirmaster of All Saints' Church, Toronto, is prepared to give lessons in Organ and Piano playing, Singing, Harmony, &c.

Mr. Fairclough undertakes to prepare candidates for musical examinations. Address—

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

A. S. VOGT (LATE OF THE ROYAL Conservatoire, Leipsic, Germany) Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis St. Baptist Church, Toronto, teacher of

Piano, Organ and Musical Theory

at the Toronto College of Music

Residence 349 Jarvis Street.

LLOYD N. WATKINS

303 Church Street

Thorough instruction on Banjo Guitar, Mandolin and Zither.

STAMMERING

CHURCH'S AUTO-VOCE METHOD. No fees in advance. 249 Jarvis Street, Toronto, Ont.

WALTER DONVILLE

TEACHER OF VIOLIN

Pupil of Prof. Carodus, Trinity College, London, Eng. 6 Buchanan St., and Toronto College of Music

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE

WHITBY, ONT.

Teachers' Certificates and University work up to the third year provided for in the regular course.

A thorough Conservatory of Music, and fully equipped schools of Art, Elocution and Commercial branches.

Apply to PRINCIPAL HARE, Ph. D.

ALMA

THE LEADING CANADIAN COLLEGE

FOR YOUNG WOMAN

ST. THOMAS, ONT.

Over 200 Students

Address— PRINCIPAL AUSTIN, B.D.

MISS VEALS'

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL

FOR YOUNG LADIES

50 and 52 Peter Street, Toronto

COURSE OF STUDY — English, Mathematics, Classics, Modern Languages. Superior advantages in Music and Art. Resident native German and French teachers. Home care and refinement combined with discipline and thorough mental training.

WANTED

100 Ladies and Gentlemen

TO LEARN

Shorthand, Bookkeeping & Typewriting

TO TAKE

Lucrative Positions in Offices

Over 1400 pupils attended this school during past four years.

The entire charge until proficient is $5.

Lowe's Commercial Academy

346 Spadina Avenue, Toronto

"FLORILINE"

FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH

Endorsed by the following well-known Toronto dentists:

Dr. A. W. Spaulding
Dr. C. P. Lennox
Dr. F. H. Sefton
Dr. J. A. Mills

PREPARED BY

Neil C. Love & Co.

CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS

166 Yonge Street

J. W. L. FORSTER

Portraits a Specialty

STUDIO 81 KING ST. EAST **ARTIST**

HAMILTON MacCARTHY, R.C.A., SCULPTOR. Artist of the Col. Williams and Ryerson monuments. Ladies' and Children's Portraits. Studio 13 Lombard Street, Toronto.

SUNBEAMS

ELDRIDGE STANTON, Photographer

116 Yonge Street and 1 Adelaide Street West

Photographs of all sizes

Sunbeams $1 per doz.

F. H. SEFTON

DENTIST

172 Yonge Street, next door to Simpson's Dry Goods Store

THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT

6 and 8 Jordan Street

This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the Best Quality, and the ALES cannot be surpassed. Telephone 1090. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

THOMAS MOFFATT

Fine Ordered Boots and Shoes

A good fit guaranteed. Prices moderate. Strictly first-class.

145 Yonge Street, Toronto

HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY

394 Yonge Street, Toronto

Keeps in stock Pure Homœopathic Medicines, in Tinctures, Dilutions, and Pellets. Pure Sugar of Milk Globules. Books and Family Medicine Cases from $1 to $12. Orders for Medicines and Books promptly attended to. Send for Pamphlet. D. L. THOMPSON, Pharmacist.

McCAUSLAND & SON'S

WALL PAPER

IMPORTATIONS

ARE UNEXCELLED FOR VARIETY AND BEAUTY OF DESIGN. ALL GRADE AND PRICES

76 KING STREET WEST

TORONTO

NEW DENTAL OFFICE

Lately opened by M. F. SMITH

(Late over Molsons Bank) is superior to anything of the kind in this country in the perfectness of its fittings, etc., as well as comfortable accommodation.

Canada Life Assurance Building, King St. West

Office hours—9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

I WILL ADMINISTER THE "VITALIZED AIR" OR "Nitrous Oxide Gas," free during the months of May and June. This offer holds good only for a short time, and applies only to those getting in plates. Remember, "Air or Gas," and extracting absolutely free. Best teeth on rubber, $8; on celluloid, $10.

C. H. RIGGS, cor. King and Yonge

TELEPHONE 1476

C. A. RISK

DENTIST

Graduate and Medalist of Royal College of Dental Surgeons

86 Yonge Street, near King Street

First-class patronage solicited.

DR. McLAUGHLIN

DENTIST

Corner College and Yonge Streets

Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth

MEDICAL.

DR. C. C. JOB, 74 Pembroke Street

Homœopathist and Medical Electrician

Asthma, Epilepsy, St. Vitus Dance, Diabetes, Uugina Pectoris, Neuralsia, Dyspepsia, Constipation and all chronic difficult or obscure diseases.

LADIES—All displacements and enlargements of the womb cured. Treatment new and pleasant.

DR. SPILSBURY—Diseases of Throat, Nose and Ear.

210 Huron Street, first door north College

Consultation hours—9 to 11 a.m., and 2 to 4 p m.

DR. YOUNG, L.R.C.P., London, Eng.

Physician and Surgeon

Residence 145 College Avenue. Hours 12 till 3 p.m., and Sundays. Telephone 3499.

Office 26 McCaul Street. Hours 9 till 11 a.m., and 7 till 9 p.m. Telephone 1605.

JOHN B. HALL, M.D., 326 and 328 Jarvis Street, HOMŒOPATHIST

Specialties—Diseases of Children and Nervous Diseases of Women. Office hours—11 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.

Office, 4 King Street East.

Evenings at residence, 461 Church Street.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses

Court House, Adelaide Street

and 146 Carlton Street

DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING

The most stylish designs for the coming season, at moderate prices.

MRS A. JAMES

153 Richmond Street - - - Toronto

Between York and Simcoe Streets.

MILLINERY

See our complete and well assorted stock for this season. Latest and leading styles, newest designs. Artistically fashioned to meet the requirements of each customer.

Dress and Mantle Making Our Art

Perfect fit, combined with elegant style and fine work. Leave orders early to ensure prompt attention.

DRESS CUTTING taught daily by our New Tailor System. Send for illustrated circular. Inducements to agents.

Established 1860

J. & A. CARTER, 372 Yonge St. - Toronto

CORSETS MADE TO ORDER

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Dress Cutting Taught

Magic Scale Agency

MISS CHUBB

254½ Yonge St., South of Trinity Sq.

TAKE THE FAST STEAMER

Empress of India

Daily at 7.30 a.m. and 3 40 p.m. from Geddes' Wharf, for

St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York

and all points east. Tickets at all G. T. R. and Empress Ticket Offices. Very low rates to Excursion parties.

GRAND NATIONAL Hack and Coupe Stables, 108 Mutual St.

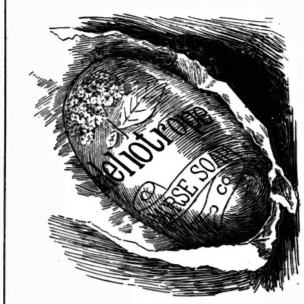
Handsome turnouts with careful drivers any time day or night.

Telephone 2104

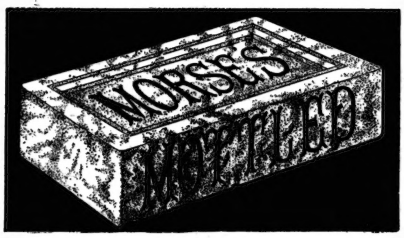
Arthur M. Bowman

Proprietor

FINE FUNERAL GOODS AT J. A. GORMALY'S



REGISTERED



REGISTERED

WE have been awarded the only "DIPLOMA OF HONOR" for TOILET and LAUNDRY Soaps at the Jamaica Exhibition against the world. The Diploma of Honor is a higher award than the gold medal.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.

Proprietors MORSE SOAP WORKS

TORONTO

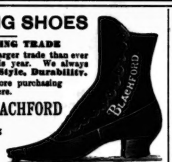
WALKING SHOES

FOR SPRING TRADE

There will be a larger trade than ever in these goods this year. We always lead in Variety, Style, Durability. See our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

H. & C. BLACHFORD

87 and 89 King Street East Toronto

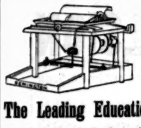


Shoes for Muskoka
Shoes for the 1000 Islands
Shoes for Niagara
Shoes for the Seaside
Shoes for the Camp

AT

Pickles' Great Shoe Parlor

328 YONGE STREET



REMINGTON
STANDARD
TYPEWRITER

The Leading Educational Institutions

are adopting the Remington to the exclusion of all other Typewriters.

Machines sent to any part of Ontario on rental for practice or office work. GEORGE BENGOUGH.

Telephone 1207. 4 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

The Home Savings & Loan Co. (Limited)

OFFICE No. 78 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.

Deposits received, large and small sums. Interest at current rates allowed.

HON. FRANK SMITH, President. JAMES MASON, Manager

J. YOUNG

THE LEADING UNDERTAKER

347 Yonge Street, Toronto.

TELEPHONE 678.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Commencing Friday, July 3

Through Sleeper

FROM TORONTO TO

PORTLAND

OLD ORCHARD

ON THE MAINE COAST, and to all

WHITE MOUNTAIN RESORTS

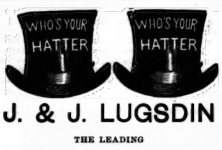
EVERY TUESDAY and FRIDAY

Returning, leave Old Orchard Every Monday and Thursday, running through to Toronto during Summer Season

A special U. S. Officer at Union Stations to examine baggage. For rates and full information apply to any C. P. R. Ticket Agent. City Ticket Office—

118 King St. West, 24 York St.

Board of Trade Building, and 1316 Queen St. W., Parkdale.



J. & J. LUGSDIN

THE LEADING

Hatters and Furriers

101 Yonge Street TORONTO

Telephone No. 2575

JAMES PAPE

FLORAL ARTIST

78 Yonge Street, Toronto

Three doors north of King Street.

Specialties for Weddings and Evening Parties. Funeral Designs on the shortest notice.

:-: NEW MUSIC :-:

RIGHT HON.

Sir John A. Macdonald's

FUNERAL MARCH

By Chas. Bohner.....Price 40c

'VARSITY SCHOTTISCHE

By S. D. Schultz.....Price 35c

A very pretty and popular schottische

We carry everything found in a first class music house, and all the most POPULAR VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC carried in stock.

WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.

158 Yonge St., Toronto

Rejuvenated Chestnuts.

The exchange editor, with all his virtues, is not infallible; and it is surprising to see how he will sometimes snap up an aged paragraph as though it had seen the light of day only a week before. An odd experience, tending to prove that "there is nothing new under the sun," was that of a well-known syndicate letter writer, who discovered some years ago in an out-of-the-way place an explanation of the origin of the term "Uncle Sam." The source of his information was so obscure that he felt almost as though he had originated the explanation himself; and he proceeded to send it out into the world over his signature. It was picked up by the exchange editors and spread like wildfire all over the country. Probably every newspaper in the United States with a circulation of ten thousand or more printed that article. Some time afterward, looking through the appendix to Webster's Dictionary, the correspondent who had written the article came upon a dissertation upon the origin of "Uncle Sam," exactly like the one which he had appropriated and had thought so "new." He did not enlighten the exchange editors; and, for all I know, they are still placing the article to his credit. Another experience of the same writer was with a story of Chief Justice Marshall. Some public man repeated it to him as new. According to this story, Marshall, who was always a slouchy man, was walking down the street one day, when he was accosted by a stranger, who said to him: "See here, old man, I wish you would carry this chicken down to my house." The chief justice gravely took the chicken and walked down the street with it to the house which the man had indicated. When the stranger arrived he offered Mr. Marshall a piece of money, which was accepted and pocketed. It was a long time afterward that the man learned that he had paid the chief justice of the United States for carrying his chicken. The writer thought this story a very good one, and he elaborated it in one of his letters. Some time afterward he opened a copy of a well known First Reader, and there, in large type, suitable for the youthful eye, was the story of Chief Justice Marshall and the chicken, told almost exactly as it had been told him. Yet the exchange editors revelled in that story of Marshall, and it had an extraordinary circulation.

Dodged the Umpire.

A seedy looking individual knocked at the door of a house on Cass Avenue, and when the girl opened it he said:

"Judging from your expression, you mistake me for a tramp!"

"Yes," said the girl, "judging from your appearance I do."

"Well, you wrong me. I have had a wrestle with Fate and been thrown, but I am no tramp.

"I'll let Towser decide," said the girl; "he never makes a mistake."

But while Towser was getting up the cellar-stairs the "tramp" worked his way out of the neighborhood.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

have just returned from Alexandria Bay, where they spent a very pleasant vacation.

The benedicts and bachelors of Port Elgin held their third annual ball on August 14, which was a grand success. The neighboring towns were well represented and made it a large gathering. Among those present were: Mr. Barrett of Stratford, Dr. S. Rutherford and the Misses Fraser of Listowel, Mr. Zealand of Hamilton, Miss Adair of Toronto, Miss Short of New York, Miss Stephenson of Mount Forest, Dr. and Miss Martyn of Alvinstone, Miss Hughes of Waterloo, Miss Hunter of Portage la Prairie, Mr. and Mrs. Strathan of Wingham, Mr. Gray of Southampton, Mr. B. Baird of Paisley, Miss Roether, Crawford, Brown, Mrs. and Miss Sinclair, Mr. H. P. O'Connor, M.P., and Mrs. O'Connor, Mr. and Mrs. MacKee, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. D. Robetrson of Walkerton, Messrs. Hughes, McLean, Fox, Atwood, Collins and Lockie of Waterloo. Patronnesses—Mrs. Dalrymple, Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Roether, Mrs. Rutherford, Mrs. Ruby, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Miller, and Mrs. Nicolls. Stewards—Lt. Col. Boyd, Dr. Rutherford, Messrs. A. Miller, S. Roether, J. Nicolls, R. S. Muir, W. Smith, W. Hilker, W. H. Marrs, and W. H. Stephens.

The following are amongst the arrivals at the Iroquois House, St. Hilaire, P.Q.:—Mr. Gordon Melville of Montreal, Mr. Peter Rodger of Brooklyn, N.Y., Mr. F. Chas. Watson of Ottawa, Mr. Louis C. Lussier of St. Hilaire, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Deacon of Montreal, Mr. Angus W. Hooper of Montreal, Mr. MacFarlane of Stratford, Ont., Miss J. B. McFarlane of Stratford, Mrs. P. MacFarlane of Waterloo, Mr. R. Y. Hilden, Mr. J. B. Abbott, Mr. Robt. Mitchell, Mr. Chas. Garth, Mr. John Carslis, Mr. Henry Joseph, Mr. G. Durnford, Mr. Frank May, Mrs. M. W. Cooke, Mr. Thomas Mesmer, Mr. W. S. Peard, Mr. F. W. Henshaw, Mr. Charles Holland, Mr. J. Pangman of Montreal.

Music.

Hamilton has captured my vagrant fancy most completely! The city under the hill has outdone itself in decorations and in musical excellence on the occasion of its harboring the eleventh Peninsular Sengerfest. On arriving on Tuesday afternoon, I found every house and shop on the road from the steamboat decorated in the most lavish style, and in the center of the city, flags, streamers, Chinese lanterns, and colored, electric and gas lights promised a most brilliant and variegated fairy scene for the evening, a promise more than fulfilled, when the shades of evening fell. Wherever you went you could hear the German tongue. It was as if you had been transplanted to the larger cities of the United States, or to our own little Germany in Berlin or Waterloo. The mottoes on the streamers were largely German, and were devoted to sentiments of welcome, and to praise of song and—beer. All unite in saying that this Sengerfest is one of the most successful in the history of the Peninsular Sengerbund.

The societies taking part are the Berlin Sengerbund, under Prof. Heinecke; the Berlin Concordia Mænnerchor, under Prof. Theo. Zoellner, a society which also includes a ladies section; the Berlin Liederkranz, under Mr. Rudolph Ziegler; the Erie, Pa., Mænnerchor, under Mr. John Eckert; the Buffalo Orpheus Verein, under Mr. John Lund; the Buffalo Deutscher Sengerbund, under Prof. Carl Samans; the Jackson, Mich., Harmonie Verein, under Dr. C. R Wendt; the Toronto Liederkranz, under Mr. Frederick Vogt; the Detroit Harmonie Verein, under Prof. Yunck; the Detroit Germania Liederkranz, under Prof. George Herrmann; the Detroit Canstatter Mænnerchor, under Prof. George Herrmann; the Detroit Veteranen Sengerchor; the Detroit Plattdentscher Mænnerchor, under Mr. John Tunnette; the Rochester Liederkranz, under Mr. H. Ganzel; the Rochester Mænnerchor Liedertafel; the Hamilton Germania Verein, under Mr. William Nieghorn, the Waterloo, Ont., Orpheus, under Prof. Theo. Zoellner; the Waterloo Liedertafel, under Mr. Baldwin Pochmann; the Cleveland Heights Mænnerchor, under Mr. Carl Pallatt, and the Montreal under Mr. George Brandt.

The handsome drill hall of the XIII. Battalion has been secured for the concerts, and has been very tastefully fitted up. Flags and streamers cover the walls, interspersed with ribbons bearing the names of all the great German composers and surmounting their portraits. On Tuesday evening the reception showed the musical resources of Hamilton at their best. A large chorus platform had been erected, on which was placed a chorus of four hundred and fifty voices. It was their singing which had such a pleasing effect on me as to inspire the rather rhapsodical opening of this paper. The singers have only been in training for two months and are singing together for the first time, not as if they were an organization with a properly acquired style and manner. Mr. Walter H. Robinson, son of Mr. George Robinson the popular bandmaster of the XIII. Battalion, was entrusted with the work of preparing and conducting this chorus, and has certainly achieved wonders. The singing of the chorus would do credit to any society with a history of several years. Mr. Robinson secured splendid certainty of attack, a fine sonorous tone and excellent precision. The chorus is, as usual, rather preponderating in sopranos, but they have a clear bell-like tone, and the altos are rich and sonorous in quality. The tenor section, as is *unusual*, are clear and rich in quality, while the weak part is found in the basses. The first number essayed by Mr. Robinson's forces was the Bridal Chorus from the Cowen's Rosemaiden and was brilliantly sung. The only fault that I could find with it was that the shading was not sufficiently marked.

The chorus also sang two unaccompanied part songs, Benedict's Hunting Song and Macfarren's You Stole My Love. The first of these was sung with great spirit, and although the lack of individual training was evident in the chromatic passages they were most creditably rendered. The Macfarren number was taken a trifle slowly, and here again the individual weakness was apparent in the rather thick enunciation by the chorus in piano passages. Still the field is a most difficult one and the great excellence shown by the singers is alike creditable to them and to Mr. Robinson. The closing chorus, Fixed in His Everlasting Seat, from Handel's Sampson, was splendidly rendered and in this number Mr. Robinson fully secured the requisite tonal contrasts. The singers were accompanied by an orchestra composed of Hamilton executants who played extremely well. Mr. Robinson is a young man, but he has the making of a conductor of much more than ordinary excellence in him. He is a nervous—I had almost said a nervy—conductor, and is not afraid to insist upon getting what he wants from the chorus, and he gets it. I shall be glad to hear that his success on this occasion will secure him a permanent chorus to train and bring to such excellence as his forces showed on Tuesday. A pleasing incident of the concert was the presentation to Mr. Robinson of a handsome ring and a beautiful floral tribute on behalf of the ladies of the chorus.

The fine band of the XIII. Battalion, under Mr. George Robinson, rendered valuable assistance during the evening, their playing of the Zauberflöte overture being especially fine. Miss Anna Schumacher, a young lady resident in Hamilton, sang Goetze's O Happy Day, and the Ernani Involami. She has a beautiful voice, very rich and flowing in quality, and sings in a very pleasing style. She evidently has a most promising future before her. Mr. George Fox played Sarasate's Gipsy Dances in excellent style. His tone is as rich and sensuous as ever, in spite of the sultry air which must have been very trying to violin strings. The local Germania Club gave an excellent showing of itself in a chorus, Social Greeting, by Buhr, conducted by Mr. William Nieghorn. The Berlin Concordia and Waterloo Orpheus Societies sang Im Mai under Mr. Theodore Zoellner with considerable taste and expression. The Buffalo Orpheus Society, numbering some fifty excellent voices, under Mr. Johann Lind, sang two numbers splendidly. These were Sturni's Fahrender Schueler and Juengst's Spinn, Spinn. The latter of these especially was elegantly sung. The accompaniments were beautifully played by Mr. D. J. O'Brien, who accepted these arduous duties at the last moment. The other events of the Sengefest will be considered in next week's issue.

I am glad to find that my old friend Mr. Frederic Boscovitz will resume residence in Toronto this autumn after an absence of nearly twenty years. Mr. Boscovitz is a talented pianist and a good teacher. He was a pupil of Chopin and Liszt and one of the finest Chopin players I ever heard. When he lived here no concert programme was complete without his name, and I hope that his presence in Toronto will contribute to the re-establishment of the piano upon our local programmes. He will teach at the College of Music, which will re-open on September 3.

Mr. F. H. Torrington will return to Toronto on August 26.

Mr. A. S. Vogt returned to town on Monday after his trip to Germany, and on Wednesday joined the army of Benedicts, being on that day married to Miss McGill of Bowmanville.

METRONOME.

Electricity and Its Uses.

For the World's Fair is promised a miniature electric house which will illustrate the application of electricity to various economic uses. The apartments will be warmed by electric radiators, and ventilated and cooled by a system of electric fans. The cooking for the family will be conducted upon an electric range in the kitchen at the top of the house, and the food lowered to the dining-room upon an electrically propelled dumb waiter. The dishes will be washed by an electric dishwasher, on which a child can wash ten thousand pieces a day. The washing, ironing, the scrubbing of the floors and woodwork, the scrubbing of the silver and knives, and even the washing of the windows, will be done by electricity. The offal, debris and sewage will be destroyed by an electric current. In the parlor will be a musical telegraph, with attachment for diffusing the music to an audience; a phonograph and cylinder containing celebrated songs by celebrated women, and celebrated speeches by celebrated men. There will be electric music boxes and every known contrivance to minister to the pleasure or comfort of the family.

Doing Up Curtains.

"The woman who sends her curtains to the cleaner's," remarked an importer of handsome draperies, "undoubtedly thinks she is doing quite the right thing; indeed, so she is—for our business; but she's doing a very unprofitable thing as far as her own pocket is concerned. The ordinary process of cleaning as practised at many establishments would surprise any one who gave it careful attention.

"The curtains are thrown into a vat containing chemicals and bleaching preparations, and boiled until they look clean. The chemicals are so strong that they eat up whatever dirt or coloring matter may be in the material. They are then starched and dried on frames, and, when sent home, look beautiful, and the happy housewife is ready to bestow any amount of commendation on such an excellent cleaner; but woe betide the day that the curtains need cleaning again, for the moment they are wet they are almost certain to drop to pieces with their own weight. The preparations used in cleaning are so strong that not only the dirt but the fibre of the goods is literally eaten up. Of course, it is a great deal of work to do the curtains at home in the ordinary way, but in small establishments or houses in the country it is well worth the extra trouble it takes. In our grandmothers' time the curtains lasted for years, and because they do not now last over a season or two, the manufacturer is blamed, and there cries of poor material and indifferent quality. Indeed, it isn't unusual to hear some woman say: 'How I wish I could buy such curtains as my grandmother had! They lasted for years and years, and always looked well.' To be sure, they did; but grandmother always attended to the cleaning of them herself—a thing about which her descendants don't seem to give themselves much trouble. There is no fibre made that will stand the beating action of the chemicals with which curtains are cleaned. To have them durable as those of grandmother's time, it is only necessary to wash them as carefully as was done at that day. Of course, one can't recommend the almost endless and unspeakable weariesome task of pinning them down on the parlor carpet to dry, but any family can own a set of stretchers which the average carpenter will make for a trifle, and which should be in every household. Old-fashioned quilting-frames answer every purpose, indeed, many families have used them for years for drying their curtains.

"After being washed and starched, the edges of the curtains are pinned to the strip of lasting or cotton which is tacked upon the edge of the quilting-frame. When both sides are slightly stretched, just enough to make the fabric perfectly straight without too much drawing.

"Fifteen minutes in the sun or open air will be sufficient to dry an ordinary curtain, when it should be taken off, carefully folded, and another one put up. Done in this way, the most difficult material need not be injured, and it is safe to say that were this practice followed, there would be very little complaint of the poor quality of window draperies."

A Cool Husband.

Last November a Missouri man went to Mexico on a three months' trip. In January he was reported to have been killed, but was only a prisoner to brigands. He returned to find that his wife had turned over a new leaf in the marriage service, and that another man occupied his seat in the chimney corner. Did he go to work to slaughter the false wife and and new husband? Not much. He walked in and said:

"Well, old gal, how is things?"

"Putty good, Bill," said the double-married woman, not taken aback greatly.

"Which do you prefer—the old or the new love?"

She hesitated for an instant, and then said:

"I don't like to hurt your feelings—but—but—"

"Oh, spit it out! Don't mind my feelings or the other chap's. I won't be angry if you come down a little rough on my vanity. Count on me being amiable. I won't cut up rusty if you should go back on me."

"I am glad you're so thoughtful, Bill; and I acknowledge that I do like my present husband first; but if anything should happen to him, I know nobody else I would so soon join fortunes with again as you."

"That's the way to talk. I'll now bid you good-by, hoping that no accident will happen to the other fellow, and that he will live long to enjoy your delightful society. So, good day."

And the husband traveled off with his knapsack on his back, whistling in cheery, clear tones, The Girl I Left Behind Me.

Valuable Knowledge.

"You Americans don't know very much," said George III. brusquely to John Jay.

"Your majesty," replied the American envoy, "we know enough to get in out of the reign."

THE BON MARCHE'S
PRICE LIST FOR NEXT WEEK
- - READ EVERY ITEM - -

Colored Satins worth 25c. now only **15c**	Pure Silk Surahs worth 40c. now only **25c**	Pure China Silks worth 40c. now only **25c**	Printed Pongee Silks worth 65c. now only **25c**	Plain China Silks odd shades now only **20c**	Self Stripe Bengaline worth 50c. now only **25c**	Pure Silk Merveilleux worth 75c. now only **39c**	Pure Silk B. Merveilleux worth 75c. now only **40c**
Colored Moire Silk worth 70c. now only **35c**	Black Pure SILK GROS GRAIN worth 75c. now only **50c**	Heavy Bl'k Silk Surahs worth 75c. now only **50c**	Colored ROYAL ARMURE SILK worth $1.75 now only **75c**	Pure Silk MOIRE ANTIQUE worth $2 now only **$1**	Pure Silk FRENCH FAILLE worth $1.50 now only **85c**	Heavy Pure SILK GROS GRAIN worth $1.50 now only **90c**	Black FRENCH LUXOR PURE SILK worth $1.50 now only **$1**
Black ALL-WOOL NUNS' VEILING worth 18c. now only **10c**	Black Lace Grenadine worth 12½c now only **5c**	Double WIDTH LACE GRENADINE worth 40c. now only **20c**	46 in. Black ALL-WOOL CASHMERE worth 60c. now only **40c**	Black and WHITE FRENCH GOODS worth 50c. now only **25c**	Bl'k Broche Crape Cloth worth 75c. now only **50c**	Black Silk WARP PARMATTA worth 75c. now only **50c**	Black Wool Granate worth 75c. now only **50c**
All-Wool FRENCH DEBEIGES Worth 16c. now only **8c**	All-Wool Albatross worth 25c. now only **12½c**	Fancy COSTUME TWEEDS worth 20c. now only **10c**	Black Boating Serge worth 25c. now only **15c**	Double Fold FRENCH SERGES worth 50c. now only **25c**	Silk FINISHED HENRIETTAS worth 60c. now only **35c**	Silk FINISHED LUSTRES worth 50c. now only **25c**	Fine All-Wool Serges Worth 25c. now only **15c**
$2 Fancy Parasols now only **$1**	$3 Fancy Parasols now only **$1.50**	$4 Fancy Parasols now only **$2**	$5 Fancy Parasols now only **$2.50**	$1 Blouses now reduced to only **50c**	$2 Blouses now reduced to only **$1**	$3 Blouses now reduced to only **$1.50**	$4 Blouses now reduced to only **$2.00**

VANDALINE — SAMSONINE

Are You Troubled with Superfluous Hair?

VANDALINE

THE GREAT DESTROYER, dissolves the hair to the root without injury to the most delicate skin. No emollient required.

ARE YOU LOSING YOUR HAIR?

TRY SAMSONINE

It contains nothing noxious or accumulative. It removes dandruff, prevents loss of hair, invigorates the glands, and has succeeded where all other remedies have failed.

Write to or ask your druggist for sample bottles.

MASON & RISCH

Extend a cordial invitation to the musical public to inspect their warerooms, which have just been decorated and remodelled on a scale (and they trust with a degree of taste) worthy of the art manufacture of which they are prominent representatives. The celebrated portrait by Joukouvsky of the great tone master,

DR. FRANZ LIZST

has now been placed in the most favorable position (as to light) which it has yet occupied, and its magnificent qualities as a work of art may now be appreciated to a degree hitherto not possible.

The warerooms are now filled with a MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY of pianos of their own manufacture, to which especial attention is also called.

32 KING ST. WEST

Grand Opera House

O. B. SHEPPARD, Manager.

OPENING OF THE REGULAR SEASON

Week Commencing Monday, August 24

Wednesday and Saturday Matinees.

ROTH LYRIC OPERA COMPANY

Under the management of Messrs. Roth & Slocum, in the following repertoire:

BLACK HUSSAR

First Time Here.

Monday and Tuesday Evening and Wednesday Matinee.

AMORITA

First Time Here.

Friday Evening and Saturday Matinee.

MIKADO

Friday Evening and Saturday Matinee.

H. M. S. PINAFORE

Saturday Night.

The Artists comprise Miss Lilly Post, J. W. Herbert, N. S. Burnham (of the Stetson Opera Company), Fanny Edwards, Maud Hollins, Hilda Hollins, Bernard Jacobson, Joseph Weisner, Horace Tempest (of the J. C. Duff Opera Company), Geo. Lyding, Adolphe Mayer, Nannie Morse, Annie Lester, Nannie Lascelle.

Chorus of 40. Augmented Orchestra and Military Band. Original Scenery. Original Costumes.

MISS WOOLRYCHE,

Graduate of Leipzig (studied with Teichmuller, Zwintscher, Quasdorf). Experienced teacher. Will receive pupils in Piano and Harmony at her residence, 70 Wellesley street, Toronto. Open for concert engagements.

33 - DANCING - 33

Prof. Davis

WILL OPEN HIS

33rd SEASON

BEGINNING

Tuesday, Sept. 1.

Academy 102 Wilton Ave.

33 - DANCING - 33

A Surprise All Round.

Tom—Was the surprise party at your house the other evening a surprise to you?

Jack—Yes.

Tom—A genuine one?

Jack—Yes.

Tom—How surprised the surprisers must have been!

McKENDRY'S

202 YONGE STREET

6 Doors North of Queen

SATURDAY

STOCK-TAKING SALE

A GENERAL upheaval of stock in all departments is noticeable in this busy store just now from basement to roof, the stock is being measured and counted, and wherever a line appears that should not be here we put a red pencil mark on that will cause a speedy exit. To ladies who have a large family of girls this sale offers a splendid opportunity to buy odd lengths of excellent materials at less than the cost of manufacture. Enormous purchases are daily arriving of Fall purchases, and as we shall be at our wits end for room, it may be taken for granted that there will be no question of profit entering our minds on the goods we want to clear.

OUR LUNCH ROOM

A lady reader of SATURDAY NIGHT who had been to our lunch room for the first time asked us why we did not give it more publicity; we really thought most people knew of it now. We keep only the best there is, and with tea and coffee at 3c. a cup and other refreshments proportionately cheap we are always busy in this department of our work.

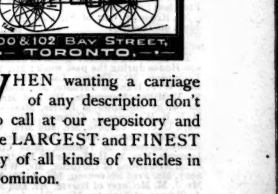
MUSIC

Two thousand seven hundred different pieces of first-class music, the best and latest productions, both vocal and instrumental, for 5c. a copy. Get a catalogue.

McKENDRY'S

202 Yonge St., 6 Doors north of Queen

CANANOQUE CARRIAGE CO.



100 & 102 BAY STREET, TORONTO.

WHEN wanting a carriage of any description don't fail to call at our repository and see the LARGEST and FINEST display of all kinds of vehicles in the Dominion.

Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

At the Chautauqua hop last Wednesday there were an unusual number of strangers who seemed to be quite unknown to every one except the members of their own party. Among the more familiar faces I noticed Mrs. Turner, the Misses Bennett, Mrs. Fox, Mr. Taylor, Miss Graskell, Miss and Miss M. Donavan, Mr. Sawin, Mrs. Haviland, Mr. C. Milloy, Mr. Nye, Mr. Gurney, Mr. Gordon and the Misses Heward, Miss Fisher, Mr. Gale, Mrs. and Miss E. McKeane, Miss Fannie Smith, Miss Foy, Mr. Webster, Miss Barker, Miss Rutheford, Mrs. C. and Miss Ball, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, Mr. E. and Mr. P. Hall, Mr. Nelles, Miss Brownjohn, Mr. H. Watt, Mr. Kerr, Mr. A. Downey. Some of the dresses worn were: Mrs. Turner, black lace; Miss Graskell, yellow cashmere and white lace; Miss Brownjohn, black lace, black velvet bodice; Miss Fisher, pink silk gauze; Miss McKeane, white muslin; Miss E. Heward, white lawn; Mrs. Fox, black silk; Miss Ball, white china silk, with pink and pale green silk embroidery; Mrs. Macdougall, pearl grey and crimson silk; the Misses Bennett, white silk. The programme was not begun until about half-past nine, dancing having been delayed until the arrival of numbers who had first attended a concert given by Mr. W. E. Ramsay at the amphitheater. The latter was as usual a most enjoyable one. The full programme was in the hands solely of Mr. Ramsay, who with scarcely a moment's pause between stepped from the sublime to the ridiculous—from comedy to tragedy, proving himself as completely master of one as of the other. The platform was a marvellous triumph of artistic work—prettily draped curtains, chinese umbrellas of every delicate hue and shade, chinese lanterns and huge bowls of golden rod forming only some of the various decorations. Mr. Ramsay was also the recipient of a beautiful bouquet which a little fair haired lassie about twelve or fourteen summers bashfully tossed up to him from the front row of seats at the conclusion of the song 'The Laughing Man.' Unfortunately the distance was greater than the little maiden imagined and the flowers fell short of the mark, unnoticed by Mr. Ramsay, who however discovered and carried them off later in the evening.

Another very enjoyable concert was also given by Mr. Ramsay on Saturday evening at which, in spite of the hop at the Queen's and various other attractions, there was a larger audience than has yet been seen at any entertainment at the amphitheater this season. He was assisted on this occasion by Mr. Shaw, Miss Jones of St. Catharines, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Ramsay, and four little maidens in Japanese costumes who gave an exhibitiou of fan drill, and who under four gaily coloured umbrellas, sang a very pretty little Japanese song. The effect was exceedingly pretty, and the song immensely appreciated.

Only about fifteen or twenty children appeared at the juvenile dance at the Queen's last Thursday. Besides the little guests of the hotel I noticed Miss Edith and Baby Lockhart, Miss Evelyn Cox, Miss Florrie Heward, Master Norman Cosby, Miss Sara Lansing, and Miss Lizzie Alma.

The ball room at the Queen's was again crowded last Saturday evening. Among others I noticed the following: Mrs. T. Mackinon, Mr. H. Wyatt, Mr. Hartshorn, Miss E. Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Bignall, Mr. F. Mundie, Mr. Gerald Boulton, Mr. and the Misses Pope, the Misses Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Turner, Mr. G. and the Misses Heward, Mr. E. Rutherford, Miss F. Smith, Mrs. J. Foy, Miss Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Gas Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Webster, Miss Folwell, Mr. and Mrs. Le Jendre, Mr. Gurney, Mr. E. Syer, Mr. Thomson, Mr. H. and Mr. C. Lansing, Mrs. Rumsay, Lieut. and Mrs. Irvine, Lieut. and Mrs. Eastman, Miss Henderson, Miss Brownjohn, the Misses Boulton, Mr. Miss and Miss E. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. W. Dickson, Mr. H. Gamble, the Misses Donavan, the Misses Wilkinson, Mr. C. Stirling, Mr. McClive, Mr. Ball, Miss Milloy, Mr. Filles, Mr. and Mrs. Heischmann, Mr. and Mrs. Bankier, Mr. Coulson, Miss K. Ball, Mr. W. A. Gale, Mr. Badenach, Miss Denby, Mrs. McMann, Mr. and Mrs. Fox, Miss Barker.

The room was full of unusual pretty dresses. Some particularly so were: Miss Folwell's—which attracted special attention—grey tulle, edged with steel, grey velvet bodice trimmed with steel. She also carried an immense bouquet of most exquisite cream roses. Mrs. Dickson, white lace, blue brocaded waist, trimmed with lace; Miss Kingsmill, white and pink china silk; Miss Donavan, white lace and silk with a bodice of surah and lace; Miss Mary Donovan, green muslin; Mrs. Eastman, yellow cashmere, trimmed with violet feather trimming; Miss Wilkinson, violet gauze; Miss M. Wilkinson, blue china silk; Mrs. Irvine, white china silk trimmed with gold lace; Miss Milloy, black lace; Miss A. Boulton, cream and blue flannel; Miss Boulton, mauve and white satteen, Miss Henderson, black net, crimson silk waist; the Misses Bennett, white china silk; Mrs. G. Foy, yellow cashmere; Mrs. Turner, black lace.

Mr. E. Syer arrived at the The Anchorage last Wednesday, after a three weeks' absence, but returned to Chicago again on Sunday, where he expects to be detained only a few days.

Miss Kingsmill has returned from Niagara Falls. Miss Louise Houston has been her guest during the week past.

Mr. and Mrs. McMann of Ridgetown were the guests of Mr. Syer last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Turner and the Misses Bennett have returned to New York.

The yachts Cygnet, Viola and Aileen were in Sunday last.

Mrs. Willie McMurray is the guest of Archdeacon and Mrs. McMurray.

Miss E. Dixon and Mr. and Mrs. Bignall are boarding at Mrs. Doherty's.

Miss Constance Hewgill of St. Louis is stopping with her sister, Mrs. H. Garrett.

Mrs. J. C. Garrett is at home again.

Rev. Canon Sanson of Little Trinity, Toronto, assisted in the service at St. Mark's last Sunday morning and evening.

Mr. W. A. Gale has returned to New York.

Mr. Ernest Ball has been spending his holidays in town.

Mrs. Adelaide Flint-Secord gave one of her pleasant entertainments at the amphitheater on Tuesday evening. She was assisted by Mrs. Thomson and Mr. Ramsay. Between two and three hundred were present, among whom were Rev. J. C. Garrett, Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson, the Misses Paffard, Miss Mabel Gosling, Mr. Allen, Miss A. Anderson, Mr. F. and Miss Winnie Smith, the Misses Heward, Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, Miss Blake, Mr. Syer, Mr. and Miss Bernard, Miss A. Howland, Miss Toller, Mr. and Miss A. Boulton, Mr. Downey, Mr. J. Russell, Mr. and the Misses Howe.

Mr. F. Geddes of Dundas is spending his holidays with relatives in town.

The Misses Smith of Wellesley street and Miss E. Scott were in town for a few hours on Tuesday.

Mrs. and Miss E. McKeane returned to Hamilton last Saturday.

Mr. Gregory [Cox of St. Catharines was in town on Tuesday. GALATEA.

BIG BAY POINT.

The following guests registered at the Robinson House during the past week: Mr. William Thompson, Mr. Thomas Lallimore, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hunt of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McMillan Marquette, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McCarthy and child of Barrie, Messrs. A. M. H. F. R. W. Jones, L. Coleman, Rich. P. Holwell, U. C. C. Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Willard, Mr. Cecil Brown, Miss Ethel Garvin, Miss Emily Leacock of Toronto, Miss Claget of Iroquois, Mrs. M. H. Taylor of Bradford, Mr. J. M. Armstrong of Lloydton, Mr. Will D. B. Syer, Mr. Fred Stevenson, Mr. J. M. Lennox, Mr. J. M. McCurry of Barrie, Mr. and Mr. W. A. Skirron of Toronto, Miss Eda A. Corley of Meaford, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hurst of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Meeking, Miss Meeking, Miss L. Norman, Mr. F. S. D. Norman, Mr. F. Hornsby, Mr. A. Lowe of Barrie.

A dance under the auspices of the guests at Mr. Robinson's was held on Saturday evening of last week. The platform on the Peninsular Park grounds was tastefully decorated with greens, chinese lanterns and illuminators. Mr. Bogart very kindly lent his piano for the occasion. Music was provided by Mrs. Welle, Mrs. Heindrick, Miss Baby Heindrick, violin, and Mr. James Henderson, clarionet. Mrs. Reid, Miss Binns, Miss Brimson and others. To the committee of management Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Miss Pate, Miss Kingsmill and Mr. Cohen great praise is due for their efforts to please their guests.

Messrs. Good, Boultbee, Holwell and Lount, and Miss Good and the Misses Taylor, who are camping at the Sandy Cove came up for the dance.

Messrs. W. Spotton, G. A. H. Fraser, F. Noyes and F. Crease of Barrie spent Sunday at the Point.

Messrs. F. Stevenson, J. Lennox, H. Lennox, J. McCurry, W. Spry, W. Wilkinson, F. Bemrose of Barrie are camping at the Point.

More Culture.

The study of Elocution as a fine art has made great strides in Toronto during the past few years. No institution has done so much to bring this about as the Toronto Conservatory of Music, whose department of Elocution has been under the directorship of Mr. S. H. Clark, lecturer in Elocution, in Trinity University, and whose reputation as a teacher and reader is second to that of no other Elocutionist in the Dominion. The success of the work has led the directors to make a new departure; and on Sept. 22, will be opened the first Canadian school of Elocution. Ample facilities for conducting the school have been secured at the Young Men's Christian Association building and a competent staff of teachers will assist Mr. Clark in the work. The curriculum includes all branches of Elocution and Oratory, and there will be one and two years' courses, finishing which pupils will receive appropriate diplomas. The school opens under the most favorable auspices, and has the best wishes of all lovers of the art for its success.

Abode of Royalty.

The Empress of Austria's new palace at Corfu has cost £120,000. The bill for the wood carvings in the Pompeian suite of seven rooms, which is the great feature of the house, amounted to £3,000. It may be hoped that the Empress will be more satisfied with this abode than she was with a villa which she built a few years ago in the neighbourhood of Vienna, for after it was finished she took a dislike to the place, and has never lived there, although upwards of £80,000 had been expended on the house and grounds.

Turn-Coats

Major Binks—Pat, will you have a peach?

Pat—Faix no; I never cud enjoy those traitorous varmints.

Major Binks—What do you mean?

Pat—I mean that they are green when they're little, and orange when they're grown up.

DENTISTRY.

DR. J. FRANK ADAMS, Dentist
325 College Street
Telephone 2278. TORONTO

G. L. BALL, DENTIST
Honor Graduate of Session '83 and '84.
14 Gerrard Street East, Toronto. Tel. 2266

DR. CAPON 12 Carlton Street Tel. 3821
L.D.S., Toronto (Gold Medal); D.D.S., Philadelphia; M.D.S., New York.

LANOLINE CREAM
REMOVES
Tan, Sunburn, Freckles, Roughness, Redness and Hardness of the Skin, and Prevents Wrinkles
PREPARED ONLY AT
Bingham's Pharmacy
100 Yonge Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

SWARTOUT—At Toronto, on August 14, Mrs. M. Swartout—a daughter.

SCHREIBER—At Springfield-on-the-Credit, on August 13, Mrs. H. H. Schreiber—a daughter.

CRAWFORD—At Toronto, on August 12, Mrs. Thomas Crawford—a daughter.

MAGNER—At Toronto, on August 14, Mrs. George P. Magner—a son.

HILTON—At Toronto, on August 8, Mrs. F. A. Hilton—a daughter.

LUMSDEN—At Toronto, on August 7, Mrs. Fred J. Lumsden—a son.

PLUNKETT—At Toronto, on August 13, Mrs. W. Plunkett—a son.

DILLON—At Toronto, on August 15, Mrs. Arthur Dillon—a son.

JARVIS—At Toronto, on August 17, Mrs. W. Mutton—a son.

SZELISKI—At Toronto, on August 15, Mrs. Paul Se liski—a son.

Marriages.

MORRISH—FAREWELL—At residence of brides' brother, 354 Yonge street, on August 13, by Rev. Mr. Starr, Libbie Farewell to J. F. Morrish, grocer.

SMITH—JONES—At "Glenfield," Quebec, on August 10, by Rev. S. G. Bland, B.A., James Norman Smith of Toronto to Mabelle Isoline, daughter of J. L. Jones.

GRAY—CAMERON—At Kingston, on August 14, Christian Hamilton Gray to Sophie Tupper Cameron.

SPARKS—FLEMING—At Toronto, on August 12, Robert Sparks to Jennie Fleming.

MINGAY—MINGAY—At Parkdale, on June 24, Frank G. Mingay to Emily Mingay.

GRIFFIN—PURDY—At Guelph, on August 12, George A. Griffin of Caracoa, Venezuela, to Annie Maude Purdy.

HEARN—O'GRADY—At Toronto, on August 6, Maurice Hearn of Denver, Colorado, to Leonora O'Grady.

CLARKE—BEMISTER—At Haliburton, on August 12, Harry Hamilton Clarke to Fannie Bemister.

MANSON—STEWART—At Fletcher, on August 12, Rev. A. L. Manson to Maggie Maria Stewart.

WHITSON—MUNN—At Toronto, on August 13, James Whitson to Jessie Munn.

JUKES—BISCHLER—At Toronto, on August 12, Elias Arthur Jukes to Alice Maud Mary Bischler.

McKENZIE—BAIN—At Gananoque, on August 10, David Bain to Isabella McKenzie.

ARMSTRONG—HOLGATE—At Toronto, on August 12, Frederick W. Armstrong to Agnes Osborne Holgate.

MACKAY—COX—At Hamilton, on August 13, W. A. McKay to Lizzie Cox.

WEBSTER—WILLIAMS—At Brownsville, on August 12, W. D. Webster to F. Georgenia Williams.

CORMACK—LATHAM—At Toronto, on August 13, Thomas F. Cormack to Lizzie Latham.

MALI—MULLEN—At Toronto, on August 17, Charles Mali to Maria Mullen.

ORR—FIELD—At Cobourg, on August 12, John G. Orr to Mary Louisa Field.

LOCKHART—ROBINSON—At Toronto, on August 12, James Lockhart to Marie Robinson.

SNYDER—PENFOLD—At Guelph, on August 12, L. P. Snyder to Mary E. Penfold.

McPHAIL—FOLLOCK—At Rochester, on August 12, W. H. McPhail to Isabella M. Pollock.

Deaths.

ARNOTT—At Toronto, on August 15, Mrs. David Arnott, aged 59 years.

MATHESON—At Toronto, on August 17, Louise Agnes Matheson, aged 59 years.

COULTER—At Toronto, on August 16, Vera Alsina Olmsted, aged 1 year.

WILSON—At Toronto, on August 15, William Henry Wilson, aged 63 years.

FRASER—At Toronto, on August 12, John Williams Fraser, aged 59 years.

MOWAT—At Toronto, on August 13, Mrs Robert Mowat, aged 58 years.

MACHMENT—At Toronto, on August 12, Samuel Marchment, aged 69 years.

COULTER—At Toronto, on August 13, Mrs. Thomas Coulter, aged 24 years.

BAIRD—At Toronto, on August 13, James Baird, aged 78 years.

GODDING—At Toronto, on August 16, Vines Duglas Godding, aged 3 years.

DORSEY—At Toronto, Mrs. Henry Dorsey, aged 63 years.

BALMER—At Ingersoll, on August 15, Thomas Balmer, aged 67 years.

DUFFY—Drowned at Long Branch, N. J., on August 15, J. C. Duffy, aged 30 years.

WRAY—At Etobicoke, on August 8, Rebecca Wray, aged 30 years.

KENDREW—At Toronto, on August 14, William Kendrew, aged 86 years.

FAULKNER—At Etobicoke, on August 14, Edward Faulkner, aged 64 years.

PERKINS—At Victoria Square, on August 13, Joseph Perkins, aged 40 years.

SMITH—At Cheboyan, Mich, on August 11, Caroline V. Smith, aged 18 months.

MACDONELL—At Regina, on August 9, Jean Campbell Macdonell, aged 3 months.

DERHAM—At Tottenham, on August 17, Patrick Derham, aged 76 years.

WELSMAN—At Toronto, on August 17, Walter Welsman, aged 20 years.

MACDONALD—At Toronto, on August 17, Ann Macdonald.

ROSS—At Toronto, on August 17, Helen Blaikiock Ross.

UPTON—At Toronto, on August 12, Ida Lydia Upton, aged 3 months

GOULDING—At Tilsonburg, on June 30, Mrs. Robert Goulding, aged 85 years.

GOULDING—At Eastwood, on August 7, Robert Goulding, aged 84 years.

ANGUS—At Agincourt, on August 11, Jeannie Angus, aged 3 months.

BUNKER—Drowned off Long Point, Lake Erie, on July 3, Abel E. Bunker, aged 28 years.

TO any Mother sending us her name and address on a postal card, we will send two sample tins of Nestlé's Milk Food, sufficient for four meals. Nestlé's Food requires the addition of water only in its preparation. The best and safest diet to protect infants against Summer Complaints.

Talk with your physician about it.

THOS. LEEMING & CO., Sole Agents,
25 St. Peter St., Montreal.

TIME IS MONEY
You can get the best value in Watches
FROM
GE TROREY
MANUFACTURING JEWELER
61 King Street East, opposite Toronto Street

This Young Man's Occupation is Gone

And our machines are now cleaning the Costly Carpets and Fine Rugs for the ladies of Toronto

We would like the ladies to give us a call and see how the work is done. We are prepared to do all kinds of cleaning, fitting and laying (no chains or ropes to tear your carpets). Grease spots removed. Open all the year. Orders called for and returned to any part of the city. We have a special moth proof room for storing carpets. Send for price list. Furniture repaired.

Toronto Carpet Cleaning Company
Office and Works 44 Lombard Street
Telephone 2686
A. S. PFEIFFER & HOUGH BROS.

MAYBE YOU HAVE A BOY?
PERHAPS YOU'RE PROUD OF HIM
Then bring him to us. We will clothe him with neatness and fashion FOR LITTLE MONEY.
T. K. ROGERS
522 Queen St. West TORONTO
Cor. Hackney Street

PARISIAN STEAM LAUNDRY
67 Adelaide Street West. Telephone 1127
Goods called for and delivered to any part of the city. N. B.—Our patrons are requested not to give their Laundry to any driver not wearing uniform Cap with the initials P. S. L. on, as we have no connection with other concerns styling themselves Parisian Laundry or otherwise.
Yours truly,
CHIERA AND VIER, Props.
J. A. ROLSTIN, Manager.

HEINTZMAN & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
PIANOFORTES
GRAND SQUARE UPRIGHT

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments

Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.

SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

Warerooms: - - 117 King Street West, Toronto

BUY THE
LEHIGH
Celebrated Lehigh Valley
COAL
FROM THE
ONTARIO COAL CO.
GENERAL OFFICE: Esplanade, Foot of Church Street.
BRANCH OFFICES: 728 Yonge Street, 10 King Street East, Queen Street West and Subway, Corner Bathurst Street and C. P. R'v

OAK HALL

OUR assortment of Boys' Two and Three Piece Suits at present is at its very best. The styles are the newest, and the manner in which they are made is such that the most critical cannot help but be pleased. In addition to our stock of Tweed and Cloth Suits we have just opened out a magnificent lot of Linen and Nankeen Fancy Suits made in blouse waists and sailor styles. Our prices will be found reasonable.

OAK HALL
115, 117, 119, 121 King St. East
Toronto
W. RUTHERFORD - - Manager

"With special features contained in no other make, and improvements that are the result of thirty years' experience in the refrigerator business, in fact one that is unapproachable in merit, call on us for the famous *LEONARD CLEANABLE* Refrigerator. Costs no more than cheap makes."

WE HAVE SOLD THE
Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator
FOR
FIVE YEARS
AND
Guaranteed Satisfaction in Every Case
H. A. COLLINS & CO.
6, 8 & 10 Adelaide St. West

Charles Brown & Co.'s Park Phaeton
The Only Two-Wheeler that is a Success in Every Way

BODY AND SPRINGS HAVE No Connection WITH SHAFTS
Entirely new. Elegant in style and finish. The finest trap made for doctors and ladies.
CHARLES BROWN & CO.
6 Adelaide Street East, Toronto